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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Pro-Slavery.

From The Citizen.

THE TABERNACLE....IN TWELVE FYTTES.

A PORTION of the New York public has gone through a course of Anti-Slavery, in twelve doses—for what will people not swallow in the proper season? Now, that the said Public has got the twelve boluses fairly down, with hardly a wry face, we trust it feels considerably easier in its nerves, or what it calls its "conscience." But that temporary alleviation will be, as we predict, the only effect of the medicine. It is to be repeated next year, if the patient still show uneasy symptoms: but by that time perhaps the Nebraska Bill will be passed; the nervous excitement will be over; and the New York public will have got well by the efforts of nature, and will have some other complaint (for it is a capricious patient) requiring the exhibition of quite other applications. So that this particular physic will be ready to be thrown to the dogs.

But when the course was over, we were minded to take some samples of the "mass" out of which the pills were made, and to analyze the same. We are bound to say we found ingredients inoperative or dubious in their effect; ingredients irritating, vicious, even plainly unwholesome for the constitution. Also, there was found wanting what ought certainly to have been present, namely, the least grain or scruple of candour or courtesy.

In those who will not agree with them, these Lecturers can see no possibility of an honest motive. They assume, in the first place, that "the South" is making an aggression upon "the North"—wanting to take something from the North, to which the said North has a right by pact and treaty, as well as in natural justice. The thing they call "the South" is, in their eyes, the Kingdom of Darkness; and the "Slave Power" is the Devil himself going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. "He has taken possession of our Literature," cries out Wendell Phillips: he has devoured Bancroft, the historian; swallowed the brothers Harper at one mouthful! "Slavery," he says, "can *buy up* our great men faster than Nature can afford to make them for us." Of course, they are all *bought*; for Abolition candour cannot stretch to the admission that any man could possibly think of vindicating the system of slaveholding unless he had some mean and pecuniary consideration for it.

It seems the question is one between absolute self-evident *right*, and utter, conscious, deliberate *wrong*.

"They could not hide from themselves," said Mr. Emerson, "this simple truth. Here was the question—'are you for man, for the good of man, or are you for his hurt and harm?' It was a question whether man should be treated as leather, whether the race of negroes should be as the Indians were in Spanish America—a species of money. Whether this institution, which is a kind of mill or factory for converting men into monkeys, should be upheld and enlarged: and Mr. Webster and the country went for the *quadruped* law."

Zoologically, to be sure, the illustration is unlucky, monkeys being four-handed instead of four-footed; but morally, Mr. Emerson has no doubt of it. Are you for good? he asks, or are you for hurt and harm? That's the question.

Nay, this horrible "Slave Power" *is* in fact the very Devil himself and nothing less, in Mr. Parker's opinion: for to what other domination, princedom, virtue, or power, in the universe, is the following description applicable? "It is banded together by despair; for it knows that the whole world is against it." And there is no use in trying to escape him, or raise bulwarks against him "No forms," Mr. Emerson assures us, "neither constitutions nor laws, nor covenants, are of any use of themselves: the Devil nestles comfortably in them all." May God be between us and harm!

"If Slaveholding be a good thing," again exclaims Mr. Emerson, "then arson, theft, murder and incest are good also." What a singular circumstance it is that all this was never found out by anybody in the world for about six thousand years, until some prudent English people discovered the thing and told Massachusetts of it! Mr. Greeley, however, in his Lecture, accounted for this at once—"Slavery," says he, "existed so long not because it was just or expedient, but because nobody had looked into the matter." *We* ought to account ourselves fortunate in not having lived during those dark periods of history when people did not look into matters: but on the other hand, our great grandfathers had cause of complant—Why were they born into so young and foolish a world; before it was settled what was just and expedient? How were they to lead a rational life and to save their souls alive, while Exeter Hall was not, while the *Tribune* did not yet unmask "frauds" and scathe "swindlers" from the corner of Spruce street?

All these lecturers, of course, dwell on what they call the "Compromises" as bargains between North and South, binding on the South, but *not binding* on the North. Just consider the following parallel passages: "The North," says Wendell Phillips, "is wonderfully surprised that the South does not stand up to this compact. A man who lives by *stealing* can have no great objection to lying." "I never thought," says Theodore Parker, "I never thought they would keep the Compromise. I never expected them to do it. If a man has violated the compact which existed in his nature with the most High God, I am not going to ask him to respect a compact which is patched up by politicians in the Senate of the United States. Not I." Now every bargain or compact has two sides and two parties to it: these lecturers are speaking for one of the parties, the North; and it is against a breach of the *other* side, not their own side of the said compact they are so indignant. Their own side of the bargain they never think of observing. Says the same Parker, in the same Lecture, "I ask you to swear by the Eternal God, that you will ever be a foe to Slavery, *that you will keep no Compromise with it.*" Certainly not, Mr. Parker—why should descendants of Mayflower Pilgrims, who have got a "higher law," keep bargains?

One main part of those "Compromises" (if Compromises they be) is, on the part of the North, that Fugitive Slaves shall be restored. These lecturers laugh and curse at the idea of observing that. Wendell Phillips knows a Dr. Spring and a Dr. Sharpe, who "tell us that the Fugitive Slave law should be obeyed!" And he withers poor Sharpe and Spring with his execration thereupon. So that the case stands thus exactly—the North disobeying a law, while it is the law of the land, is serving God and obeying a higher Law; the South proposing legally to repeal one law by another law is fraudulent, base, *lying!* The Massachusetts *literati* are very fond of England, but surely they cruelly misuse the English language.

One example of their Tabernacle candour we must not forget. An individual named John Mitchel—who he was, or where he came from, signifies nothing—being appealed to on the very subject, had presumed to give his opinion, that slaveholding was not a crime—nay, that he, for his part, would like very well to have a plantation of negroes himself—a sentiment which he now very heartily repeats. Of course, to the benevolent lecturers, this individual could be nothing but a mere impostor—a poor rogue, merely casting about for ways of paying his court to some influential party or other, and so getting money. The idea of any man saying, doing or writing *anything* whatever that he would lose money by, seemed to the benevolent sons of Pilgrims an idea too romantic to be entertained. They gloat over the individual's mistake, indeed—they think he made a bad speculation, and invested his capital injudiciously—a thing not to be forgiven, we believe, in that Pilgrim country, where the Dollar, says Theodore Parker, is the Holy Ghost. And so Miss Lucy Stone disdainfully "tells John Mitchel that if he could but see the sneer of scorn curling the lip of a Southern gentleman at this servile attempt to curry his (the Southern gentleman's) favour, he would find out his mistake." Can this young lady conceive that it is just possible the individual she talks of may care as little for the curling Southern lip as for the foul mouth of the Northern? Surely, all the girls of New England, even of Granite-States, are not so hard as Miss Stone. We think we know some who could find it in their hearts to believe that the world actually contains some persons who would flatter man for no patronage, for no favour, for no dollars—and even woman, for love only.

Mr. Wendell Phillips has a theory of his own, to explain the behaviour of that unaccountable Irish exile. He says:

"*He endeavours to shape his ideas to please what he may consider the character of the people among whom he comes.* Well, I blush to say that the great man to whom I allude, following the course of all the other great men who have recently visited this country—the very first thing he does is to make known *to the Democratic party* that he has no prejudice against Slavery—on the whole he would like to be a slaveholder. All the other great men who visited us, with this exception, have kept silent upon the subject of Slavery. That was the compliment that Kossuth paid us, for he said nothing about it. What is the compliment that Mitchel pays us? 'Why,' says he, 'great American people, know you all by these presents that, so far from having any narrow minded ideas averse to the despotic institution of Slavery, I should like to be a slaveholder myself.'"

In substance this theory is the same as Miss Stone's and Mr. Beecher's, propounded to account for the same phenomenon. Its foundation is that the person in question, having really no opinion or principle at all, with some mean and base intention or other, affects to hold such opinions and principles as would be most acceptable to those whom he intended to take in. A theory which, for aught we know, may very well suit a sect which holds the tenet (see Mr. Parker) that in America "Money is the Constitution." "In America, Money is God." "In the North, Money is better than Love."

Parker, thou blasphemest! But the man means nothing: and that is the comfort—a poor comfort—which one can take to heart after reading these lectures. At first we do confess we thought it a dangerous symptom, dangerous to the health and life of the great American Republic, that large houses should assemble week after week to hear men cursing their own country and laws, the Federal Union of the sovereign States, and the Constitution their fathers toiled in the sweat of their puissant brows to build, and cemented the same with the best blood in their gallant hearts. If these shallow traitors be right, Saratoga was a disaster: Bunker Hill obelisk is a monument of shame: Yorktown was a crowning curse. Just read the few sentences here following—

"Bear with me a moment, while I go across the water, and look at the condition of classes and political institutions there. I will not keep you long away from home. But let me remind you simply that for the last seventy years, under the Governments of Europe, which we are accustomed to consider as rotten, despotic, aristocratic and partial, Chattel Slavery has disappeared." * * "England may proudly boast that, whether upon her African Colonies or her West India or her East India possessions, wherever her flag floats, it melts the shackle (cheers). Now I want you to bear that picture in mind, and then come home with me. Let us paint ourselves."—*Wendell Phillips's Lecture.*

But this is nothing. Hear Parker:

"To this day, of all the territory which the United States has bought or conquered since 1776, and of all that she rescued from British oppression, there is only one small portion that is Free Soil; where the slave-master cannot chase his runaway, and catch him by the power of the Federal Government: and that little piece of territory is *that which Mr. Webster surrendered to England by the Ashburton treaty.* These are the nine steps that the Slave Power has taken within the memory of the oldest man. 'Can you imagine *anything in the history of any nation that is so atrocious?* I think not.'"

Now, Mr. Parker, if he would allow his train of thought to run on, must say in his heart, "my heavy curse on that George Washington! Alas! and alas! for Trenton! May the name of Yorktown be buried in oblivion forever! If our stubborn fathers had but been brought to reason in those days, we should now be enjoying the liberties that flourish beyond the Walloostook, the blessings that rain plenteously upon India, and upon Ireland! Unhappy sons of misguided fathers! To what a condition we have fallen—Money our Church—the Dollar our Holy Ghost—corruption weakening and wasting us—the black Slave Power striding on to devour us!"

At first, we do say, that all this appeared a rather serious thing. We thought we had studied the Revolution a little: believed that we knew the meaning which was in the hearts of its great founders; fancied even that we saw their ideas realized and full grown into godlike power and immortal beauty. And here now were these Tabernacle men telling us that it was all a vile mistake—that what we had taken for the principles of the Revolution were no principles—that the thing we worshiped as Liberty was a foul despotism—that the fathers of the Republic were blind fools, and they, their sons, degraded wretches.

Little we thought that what seemed so formidable and blackhearted a sedition was "Buncombe" pure and simple. Soon it appeared that nothing but the stability and immobility and absolute safety of the Union—nothing but the inviolable attachment of the people to the Constitution and laws, *nothing* but that, and a good-humoured tolerance of harmless nonsense—made it possible for the Tabernacle to keep up this cry, "The burden of Moab! the burden of Babylon!" and to curse all by its Gods at that furious rate. The Prophets even cannot help, at times, showing their hand. Mr. Parker says: "In 1850, the South made the ninth great step—*You remember the danger which the Union was in.*" And the report records that this sally of sarcasm was received with "*laughter and applause.*" Of course they remembered the danger the Union was in; and they all laughed consumedly to think of the same. The truth is, so keen is our appetite for oratory, so urgent the desire to have our ears tickled with fluent talk, and our fancy stimulated by quaint figures, that we will flock to hear, though the speaker were cursing his mother, scandalizing his country, or blaspheming his Creator; and if he curse and blaspheme well we will cry bravo!

The ultimate danger is a trifle, but the present evil is great. There is nothing, perhaps, that induces so vicious and ill-conditioned a frame of mind as long continued efforts in the various organized plans of benevolence. Your philanthropy has grown to be not only a weariness of the flesh, but a real enemy to human Society. It is benevolence, you must know, and philanthropy and other fine things of that balmy sort, that bring these Lecturers to the Tabernacle: yet look at their wicked sneers against mankind—listen to the vicious tones of their voices. Harken to Mr. Emerson informing the South for its guidance—"that the end for which man was make is not stealing, nor crime in any form," which it seems is believed to be the chief end of man in those parts. "And here let me say," says the benevolent apostle Parker—"here let me say, that the South is the enemy of the North I say it solemnly—the South is the enemy of the North * * England is the *rival* of the North—always powerful, sometimes mean and dishonourable. The South is our *foe*—more dangerous, always meaner, and likewise more dishonourable." Their hearts, you see, are cankered and hardened by pure philanthropy.

The South, meanwhile, does not trouble itself much; there may be some irritation there, which is natural enough, but very little uneasiness. They know well the meaning and the no-meaning of all this rant. They feel that the Union is safe enough. Why, there are foreigners enough in the United States, to "save the Union," though Massachusetts and South Carolina were suicidally bent on destroying it. Every foreign immigrant knows by instinct that the Union must be preserved, that this great refuge from the turmoil of an old world rushing to its ruin and its new storm-birth must be maintained on the basis given it by its immortal founders. If any real danger, therefore, menace the health of our adopted mother, we advertise ourselves as *Union-doctors.* We can promise the professional services of some millions, a whole faculty of foreign doctors, who have won their diploma in a hard school and have a dear interest in the patient. They will not live to see her torn to pieces and stripped naked to her enemies.

In seeking a shelter and a home in the New World, we have had the august image of the Great Republic moving before us as a pillar of fire, guiding us from all the Pharaohs to a radiant promised land. And our cause and watchword is not Massachusetts against Carolina, or Kentucky against Ohio, but America against the world.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT ON THE NEBRASKA BILL.

From The Charleston (S. C.) Courier, March 19.

WASHINGTON, Monday, March 6, 1854.

THE House took up the Homestead bill to-day, with a determination to pass it, and it was finally passed by a very large majority. There has been a very energetic struggle on some of the amendments to the bill. The bill as it passed applies to the proposed new Territories—Kansas and Nebraska—and the benefits of its provisions extend to male and female heads of families, and single men, over twenty-one, and to present settlers on the land, all these being free whites and actual citizens of the United States; also, aliens who shall, prior to the passage of this act, have declared their intentions to become citizens.

It is generally supposed that this bill will afford so much encouragement to *free labourers*, foreign immigrants included, to settle in the Kansas and Nebraska territories, that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line will be of no avail to the South. But some of the Missouri people now think differently. They say that the bill cannot be availed of in the new territories untill the lands shall have been surveyed, which will require eighteen months, *during which time the slaveholders in Kentucky and Missouri, and other States, will have ample time to make preparations for removing with their families and property into the new territories.* Further, they say that the spirit of the Missouri people is now roused to this subject, and *they are determined to occupy the territory, and preserve it for the future home of their children*

Should the House assent to the CLAYTON amendment to the Nebraska bill, *the slaveholders in the new territories will not be voted out of the country by the unnaturalized alien immigrants.* Mr. CLAYTON'S amendment, restricting the suffrage to actual citizens, was passed, however, in the Senate by a majority of only two, and it is feared that the House will reject it. If so, it will render the repeal of the Missouri prohibition a nullity; for, in fact, it matters little to the Southern people whether they are deprived of their rights in the territories in one form or in another.

From The Savannah (Ga.) Republican, March 8.

THE Resolutions of the Georgia Legislature upon the Nebraska question are the subject of some talk here at present. It seems that both branches of the General Assembly unanimously declared that *they would hold any party organizations as hostile to the interests of the South which should recognise as component parts or members of it any person or persons known to be opposed to the principles of the Nebraska bill.* What will they do with MR. PIERCE, and that great party of which he is the chief, when they openly declare that opposition to that bill shall not be a test of party position or organization? that an opponent to the bill can be as good "a Democrat," and entitled to as high honour in "the party," as any of its most zealous supporters. Will the "Fire-Eaters" of Georgia take down this resolution—back out from their position—and hereafter, as heretofore, continue to extend the "right hand of fellowship" to the WILMOTS and VAN BURENS of the North, *even though they may differ upon this great question of Constitutional and Southern Rights?* We shall see. Men that live and move and have their existence in party are generally prepared for almost anything. And hence almost anything may be expected from them. But the people, by and by, perhaps, will learn that such are not the men to be entrusted with the guardianship and protection of their rights and interests. Parties should be formed only for the purpose of concentrating action upon the paramount question of the day. And they should be adhered to no longer than this leading object can be attained by the association. All other "combinations" of discordant materials are founded upon a false basis and must sooner or later become odious to an intelligent and virtuous people.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON TO GEN. CASS.

From the Charleston Evening News, March 8.

THIS is an unparalleled instance of atrocious disregard of the Constitution, of impudence towards the sovereign States of the Union and their citizens, and of cool contempt for the South. Was there no Southern man, no constitutionalist and patriot present, to hurl into his teeth the just indignation of the whole country!

This political old fogy has done the South more injury than any man, living or dead; and because she would not make him President, he gloats in his revenge. May her hisses of scorn continue to burden the winds of his sky. The doctrine came from *him* (first intimated in his NICHOLSON letter in 1848), on which the Congressional Legislature has proceeded, whereby the last and all of the vast territories belonging to the States united have been lost to the South and her institutions. Now, follow to the grave, vindictive old man, thy illustrious predecessor, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS; *you can be of no other use in this world. The South can yet defy and destroy you—you and your compeers.*

It will *now* be perceived that our characterization of this bill was correct, and that our denunciation of its principles and provisions has been vindicated. What has become of the forecast of our representatives? *Has our Israel truly lost all her prophets?*

The *Union*, the Administration organ, significantly declares that it does not regard the support of the Nebraska bill *as a test of Democracy*, or its opposition as antagonistic to the Administration. It is meant by this that the Northern Democracy has the acquiescence of the Administration in any Anti-Slavery course which they may pursue; and that the South, in all issues as to Slavery, must rely on herself unaided and look for no protection from either Government or party? Will the *Union* explain.

LETTER FROM JUDGE BRONSON.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1854.

DEAR SIR: The Nebraska bill has, as I understand, been so amended that it can neither have the effect of legalizing nor prohibiting Slavery in the Territory, but will leave that question to stand on the Constitution and the decision of the people, who are to exercise the powers of government. The bill is based on the republican doctrine that the people should rule and assert the great principle of non-intervention by Congress in the local affairs of the States and organized Territories.

The principle of the bill removes the Slavery question from Congress, and refers it to the local authorities, where it properly belongs. This is with me the strongest of all reasons which have been assigned in favour of the measure. The moment Congress shall plainly declare that it will have no thing to do with the existence or non-existence of Slavery in the States and Territories, Slavery will cease to be a subject for political action in the free States Men there may still talk and write and preach about Slavery in the South, and so they may about Slavery in Brazil, British India, Cuba, and Russia; but that is a very different thing from acting upon the subject, as they now do, through Congress.

In the slave States the question of getting rid of the institution will be agitated sooner or later; and it will be done the more certainly, and with better prospects for the slave, because the people of those States will be left to deal with their own affairs as they please, without the political action of outsiders, who have no business to intermeddle. The people of the Territories will also discuss the Slavery question in framing their institutions; but it is morally certain that there will be no Slavery in Nebraska, where neither soil nor climate is adapted to that kind of labour. And, besides, most of the emigrants in the Territory will be from the free States. If, however, the people should decide for Slavery, it is their own matter, and they should be allowed to have their own way

I am heartily sick, as every patriot must be, of hearing the sound come up, from different sections of the country, of conflicting interests, and hostile action and feeling between the free and the slave States. There is no cause for this, save such as has resulted from the action of Congress on the Slavery question. The mere existence of Slavery could not have furnished any ground for strife among brethren, if it had been let alone. At the time of the Revolution, all were slave States, and of course they had no diversity of interest or feeling on the subject. When the Constitution was formed, all virtually agreed that each should deal with that matter within its own borders as it pleased, and without the interference of others. Half of the States have since got rid of Slavery in their own time and way; and nobody complains that they have done so. Surely there is nothing in this to prove a change in the relations of the two sections, or to induce unkind feelings between them. Each has acted as it deemed wisest and best for itself; and with that action others have no rightful concern. The hostile feelings which have been manifested have no foundation in the nature of the case, but have sprung out of the great mistake of allowing the Slavery question to enter Congress. If it had been kept out of that body, neither good nor bad men in the free States would have had any means of acting politically on the subject. They might discuss it as a moral question, but they could not carry it to the polls.

It is said that Slavery is aggressive, But what has it done? Has it attempted to fasten itself upon any State or territory that wished to reject or get rid of it? Certainly not. Has it asked Congress to establish or do anything to legalize Slavery in the Territories? Certainly not It has asked for nothing but to be let alone—to have the question left to the influence of the Constitution, without any Wilmot provisos by Congress to place the people of one section upon a more favoured footing than those from the other, in relation to the enjoyment of the Territories. If the matter is considered with candour, it will be found that Slavery has not been aggressive, but has only been acting on the defensive. It has been resisting assults from without.

Let Congress retrace its steps, and declare in explicit terms that it will not hereafter legislate either for or against the existence of Slavery in the States and Territories, and all cause for strife will be at an end. The people of the North and the South, the East and the West, will soon learn that they are brethren, with common interests and a common destiny; the Union will receive new strength, and the enemies of liberty, who now watch for our halting, will find that their hopes are vain. Our country will be better loved at home, and more highly respected abroad.

Such are the views of one of your constituents who thought a good deal of this matter—who holds no political office, never intends to hold one, and is not conscious of anything to warp his judgment. For uttering such sentiments he will be called a pro-slavery man by the Abolitionists: and yet he is as much the friend of the slave as the best of them.

I am, very truly and sincerely, yours,

GREENE C. BRONSON.

Honourable F. B. Cutting, M. C., Washington.

Selections.

FUGITIVE SLAVE EXCITEMENT AT MILWAUKEE.

THE greatest excitement was caused on Saturday morning by the announcement that a fugitive-slave had been arrested about four miles this side of Racine, by Deputy United States Marshal C. C. Cotton, and four other men, one of them named B. S. Garland, the alleged owner of the fugitive, and another a constable of Racine—in all, five white men—and brought to this city and placed, handcuffed, in our jail. The particulars of the transaction are these:

The coloured man's name is Joshua Glover, and he is claimed as the runaway slave of B. S. Garland, of St. Louis County, Missouri He is alleged to have runaway in 1852.

Glover was in the employ of St. Clair & Rice, in a mill near Racine. On Friday night, while seated in his shanty, five men broke open the door suddenly, rushed in upon him and felled him to the ground. They then handcuffed him, took him into a double buggy, with nothing on but his pantaloons and shirt, and drove off north, and, after having lost the way, at last brought him to Milwaukee County jail. Here he was lodged in a cell, handcuffed. Our deputy jailer, with commendable feelings of humanity, took off the handcuffs and treated him with care and kindness.

As soon as the matter got wind, the greatest excitement prevailed. A large number flocked to the jail; hundreds of men were aroused, and declared that he should not be taken from the city. Lawyers without number were busy at work searching through the sections of the Fugitive Slave Law The Revised Statutes were opened in a number of law offices to the chapter on Habeas Corpus, and everything that could be done within the law for the release from custody of Glover was resorted to.

Some man rode through from Racine on horseback and gave the first information that our jail contained a fugitive—that one of its cells had been polluted by the blood of a fugitive slave. We, with others, went to the jail, and found the fugitive in a cell. He was called out into the passage; and what a sight was there! The man was cut in two places on the head; the front of his shirt and vest were soaking and stiff with his own blood.

The man tells us that he had been in this State about two years, and that he was at work for the persons we have named above, and that they now owe him about $50; and he was sitting in his shanty when the men came in, and one placed a revolver to his head; he put up his hand to push it away, when he was knocked down senseless and removed to the wagon. The man or men swore that if he shouted or made the least noise they would kill him instantly.

A habeas corpus was immediately got out before Judge Jenkins, and a civil warrant before Albert Smith, Esq., Justice of the Peace, for the damages sustained by the unfortunate man. A telegraph was sent to Racine for a warrant for the arrest of the five men engaged in assaulting and beating him in his shanty.

The Court House bell was rung at about 2 P. M., the alarm sounding for the First Ward; thousands flocked to the Court House Square and around the jail, the excitement being intense After some time, the crowd was called to order by James H. Paine, from the Court House steps, when Gen. E. B. Wolcott was chosen President, and A. H. Bielfeld, Secretary.

A Committee, consisting of one from each Ward, was appointed to draft resolutions, and present them to the meeting. The Committee consisted of James H. Paine, Wm. Whitnall, John Furlong, S. M. Booth, and Dr. E. Wunderley.

The crowd, which had kept increasing, was then addressed by Byron Paine, Esq., Gen. Paine, S. M Booth, and A. H. Bielfeld. Each speaker was loudly cheered. The resolutions were called for and read to the meeting and adopted with great cheering They were as follows:

Whereas, A man named Joshua Glover, living in the neighbourhood of Racine, had his house broken into, a pistol presented at his head, was knocked down and badly cut and bruised, by Deputy Marshal Charles C. Cotton and Benjamin S. Garland, his pretended owner, before any legal process was served on him, was fettered and brought by night to this city and incarcerated in our County jail; *and whereas*, a writ of habeas corpus has been issued by Judge Jenkins to Sheriff Page and Deputy Marshal Cotton, commanding them, in the name of the State, to bring the prisoner before him and show cause why the prisoner should not be released, which writ has not yet been abeyed; therefore

Resolved, As citizens of Milwaukee, that every person has an indefeasible right to a fair and impartial trial by Jury on all questions involving personal liberty.

Resolved, That the writ of habeas corpus is the great defence of freedom, and that we demand for this prisoner, as well as for our own protection, that this sacred writ shall be obeyed.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to stand by this prisoner, and do our utmost to secure for him a fair and impartial trial by Jury.

Soon after the resolutions had been read and passed, a Vigilance Committee of twenty-five was appointed to watch that the fugitive was not secretly taken away, or tried, except in an open manner. We understand that the Committee was instructed to ring the bells, and call the city to their aid, in case any attempt should be made to get the fugitive away from the jail.

During the morning a writ of habeas corpus, as above mentioned, had been served upon Sheriff Page. He immediately made return that the negro was not in his custody, or under his control, but was in custody of the U. S. Marshal and deputies, under a warrant from Judge Miller of the U. S. Court. Another writ was got out by the negro's counsel, G. K. Watkins Esq., and put in the Sheriff's hands, to be served upon the Marshal, and was so served. This was about 5 P. M. Within a short time the steamer arrived, bringing about one hundred men from Racine, who marched in solid column to the jail, where the negro still remained in charge of two deputies of the U. S. Marshal.

This accession to the numbers of the crowd added fuel to the flame, and after a short time a demand was made for the man; a refusal being made, an attack was made upon the door with planks, axes, &c. It was broken in, the inner door and wall broken through, and the negro taken from his keepers, brought out, and placed in a wagon, which was driven at great speed down to the Walker's Pt. Bridge, where he was placed in another carriage and taken south, on the way to Racine. The military was called out, but had not gathered when the crisis came.

The Sheriff of Racine County was with those who came by the boat, and had warrants for the arrest of the owner, Mr. Garland, and others, for assault and battery. Mr. G. was arrested and taken to J. E. Arnold's office, who acted as his counsel. A writ of habeas corpus at once issued from Judge Miller's Court, and he was taken to that office. An under standing was entered into that Mr. Garland should be forthcoming on Monday (this) morning, and he was left in custody of the United States Marshal, to be produced at that moment.—*Milwaukee Sentinel, 13th.*

LATER.—The parties appeared before Judge Miller, in the U. S. Court-room, yesterday morning. Messrs Watkins and Paine for the Racine County Sheriff, and Messrs. Arnold and Hamilton for Mr. Garland. After spending the morning upon the matter, the discussion and the Judge's opinion being listened to with great interest, although everybody seemed to anticipate the result, Judge Miller discharged Mr. Garland from the custody of the Racine County Sheriff, taking the ground, we understand, that he was acting as an assistant of the U. S. Marshal, in serving a process, the full execution of which was interrupted by the rescue.

We shall doubtless see the Judge's decision in print, and confess to some curiosity to do so, for we do not at all understand how it is *improper* for a State Court to interfere by *habeas corpus* with process from the U. S. Court, while it is *proper* for the latter to interfere with the former.

Generally, the decision upon the discharge of Mr. Garland amounts to this: that any man who can get, by truth or by perjury, the necessary papers for arresting a claimed fugitive—or, indeed, who chooses to attempt it *without* warrant or process, if he has the assistance of a U. S. Marshal or Deputy—may seize his man, *any* man, *anywhere*, and in *any* manner, and carry him off; and no process from a State Court can interfere. It looks reasonable, that does. We do not justify or believe in breaking laws or jails, as a general thing, and would much rather see the one obeyed and the other intact; but neither laws nor jails will stand against the people when they think their sacred rights are involved. They evidently thought so the other day.—*Milwaukee Sentinel, 14th.*

THE LATE JUDGE BRONSON.

WE grieve to say, that the Judge Bronson who dispensed Supreme Court justice to the people of this State, in 1848, is, politically speaking, no more. He has been secretly Nebraskaed. His remains were laid out in the *Journal of Commerce*, this morning, and the following epitaph, once found upon a tombstone in a Spanish cemetery, will soon point the curious traveller to all that remains of the *corpus politici* of the deceased:

"I was well, wished to be better,
Took medicine, and here I lie."

We showed, a day or two since, that the late Collector stood square and well upon the question of extending Slavery into Nebraska, by quoting an extract from his letter to John Cochran and others, in reply to an invitation to attend a political meeting in this city in 1848. In that letter the late Mr. Bronson used the following emphatic language, which, as we before remarked, and now have pleasure in repeating, "was creditable alike to the head, heart and pluck of its author":

"Whatever consequences may follow, I trust the people of the free States will give a united voice against allowing Slavery on a single foot of free soil, *where it is not now authorized by law.*"

Since that letter was written, we were not aware that the Judge had expressed or entertained any change of opinion upon the subjects referred to in it; and we were so glad to find, "in these times of double dealing," which the judge's eloquent pen has made notorious, a man of his prominence, who not only held no office, but had recently been turned out of one, adhering faithfully to opinions so unlike those professed in the political circles which he frequents, that we could not feel that we had done our whole duty so long as one of our readers was left in ignorance of the existence of such courage and virtue.

But, unfortunately, the virtues and opinions which we were disposed to congratulate him about, the Judge seems to be ashamed of, and he has availed himself of the attention which we invited to his opinions, to publish, this morning, a brace of letters upon the Nebraska question, for the purpose of bettering a condition which was well enough before. As he chose to follow the example, it is not strange that he has experienced the fate of his ancient prototype, who lies in the Spanish graveyard.

If any one wishes to know where Judge Bronson now "lies," let them look into the three letters which we copy, in another column, from the *Journal of Commerce* of this morning. But if, upon a careful perusal of those documents, they do not find that he lies there, then they will surely find him lying in the letter which he wrote in '48 to Mr. Cochran, from which we quoted the other day, and which we now give entire. Wherever he lies, we trust that hereafter he may be permitted to lie in peace—*Evening Post.*

LETTER FROM GREENE C BRONSON.

ALBANY, July 15, 1848.

GENTLEMEN: I received your letter, inviting me to be present and address a meeting to be held in the Park, in the city of New York, on the 18th instant, "for the purpose of ratifying the nomination of Martin Van Buren for the Presidency and of contributing to the extension of free soil and the perpetuation of free labour."

When I was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court, something more than twelve years ago, I deemed it proper to withdraw from all active participation in the political conflicts of the day; and to that resolution I have ever since steadily adhered My Democratic principles and opinions have remained unchanged; but I have had very little to do with political affairs beyond giving my vote at elections. Notwithstanding the change which has recently been made in the mode of selecting judges, I shall still leave the strife of party politics to others, as long as I remain in a judicial station. You will see, of course, that I cannot accept your invitation.

But it is not perceived that there can be any impropriety in expressing my opinions upon one of the topics to which you have alluded. *I am utterly opposed to the extension of Slavery into any territory of the United States where it does not now exist.* But I do not think it either necessary or expedient to call upon Congress to legislate on the subject. *The relation of master and slave does not exist by the law of nature;* nor has the claim of the master, like the right to property in general, been recognised by all civilized communities. *Slavery cannot exist where there is no positive law to uphold it.* It is not necessary *that it should be forbidden; it is enough that it is not specially authorized.* If the owner of slaves remove with, or sends them into any country, State or terrritory, where Slavery does not exist by law, they will *from that moment become free men, and have as good a right to command the master as he will have to command them.* State laws have no extra-territorial authority; and a law of Virginia which makes a slave there, cannot make him a slave in New York, nor beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Entertaining no doubt upon that question, I can see no occasion for asking Congress to legislate against the extension of Slavery into free territory, and as a question of policy I think it had better be let alone. If our Southern brethren wish to carry their slaves to Oregon, New Mexico or California, they will be under the necessity of asking a law to warrant it; and it will then be in time for the free States to resist the measure, as I cannot doubt they would with unwavering firmness.

I would not needlessly move this question, because it is one of an exciting nature, which tends to sectional division, and which may do us harm as a people. I would leave it to the slaveholding States to decide for themselves, and on their own responsibility, when, if ever, the matter shall be agitated in Congress. It may be that they will act wisely, and never move at all—especially as it seems pretty generally agreed that neither Oregon, New Mexico, nor California, is well adapted to slave labour. But if our Southern brethren should make the question, we shall have no choice but to meet it: and then, *whatever consequences may follow, I trust the people of the free States will give a united voice against allowing Slavery on a single foot of free soil where it is not now authorized by law.*

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GREENE C. BRONSON.

To John Cochran, &c.

BOUNTY ON SLAVE-BREEDING.

ALL constitutional scruples on the part of Southern gentlemen vanish the moment that there is a chance for Congress to do something in favour of Slavery. A latitudinarian construction, which no Northern man contends for, is then given to the powers of Congress. An illustration of this may be seen in the recent proposition of Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, that Congress should pay a bounty for the introduction of Slavery into certain territories of the United States, which are understood to be particularly adapted to slave-breeding.

Mr. Orr's plan is, that the bounty shall be paid in land, in proportion to the number of slaves. His bill says:

"Each single person over twenty-one years old is entitled to 80 acres; each family of two persons, 160 acres; each family of three and not over five, 320 acres; each family of six and not exceeding ten, 640 acres; and each family over ten, 160 acres for every five members; and to families who own SLAVES, in addition to the foregoing, there shall be allowed, if less than ten slaves, one-half section (320 acres); if ten and not exceeding fifteen, one section (640 acres); and for every ten above that number, one-half section (320 acres)."

It is supposed that this extraordinary inducement will stimulate the immigration of slave-breeders into the newly-opened territories. Without some such inducement, there might remain a possibility that the accessions to their number would not be rapid enough to outvie the influx of freemen. And, save for the growth of this kind of "stock," as slaveholders call their "human cattle," what would the South care for the whole region? Not a rush.

This bounty is proposed on the same principle that State Legislatures have sometimes offered a reward for the importation of Merino sheep, or other valuable animals, in order to stimulate and encourage the breeding of them.

And the bounty is to be paid out of the treasury of the country; out of the public lands; lands belonging to all the States of the Union, and surveyed and laid off at the joint expense of all.

The United States Agricultural Society, at its late meeting, voted to memorialize Congress in favour of purchasing Mount Vernon, to be used as an experimental farm. Should Congress accede to this proposition, it is reasonable to expect, after what we have now seen, that some Southern gentlemen will try to tack to the bill an amendment, providing that the farm shall be used mainly, or in part, for breeding slaves, in order to send through the Southern country, for exhibition and other purposes, the handsomest and most perfect specimens of that kind of "stock" that can be produced. The free States might as well consent to this as to the bill already reported by Mr. Orr. It might be a refinement on the system; and while they are about it, the plan may as well be made complete—to establish, also, a blood-hound department, so that dogs of this description can be obtained at all times, of pure blood. This is the more important, inasmuch as, next to the United States marshals who consent to pursue fugitives in the free States, the blood-hounds are the most useful allies that the slaveholder has.

One more suggestion, and we shall have done. Nearly every one of the legion of ambitious aspirants for the Presidency seems to regard the support of Slavery as the only avenue leading to the White House. Why does not some bold genius eclipse all his competitors in the race of evil, by at once moving the repeal of all laws for the suppression of the African slave trade?

The motion might be placed on the ground, that such laws were "superseded by the legislation of 1850," or that they are unconstitutional. And who knows how much improvement on the present "stock" of slaves might be effected by introducing a little fresh, pure blood from Africa! The measure might be ably advocated on physiological and scientific principles.

If Mr. Douglas had not the courage to propose this measure—the originality he will not need, as we have already suggested it—if General Cass thinks that he has already made bungling attempts enough on his own throat, we take the liberty of calling the attention of the accomplished Senator Everett to the subject. It would not much trouble his conscience, as he would have no difficulty in convincing himself that the question possesses no practical importance. —*Eve. Post.*

From the Philadelphia Daily Register.

ADVENTURES OF REV. NORRIS DAY IN KENTUCKY AND INDIANA.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 27, 1854.

MR. EDITOR: You may have noticed a statement in the papers of the arrest of the Rev. Norris Day, under a requisition from the Governor of Kentucky upon the Governor of Indiana, founded upon an indictment against him, for aiding the escape of slaves. I met him to-day, and the brief story of his adventures was entertaining. He is a man of gentlemanly appearance and of very intelligent countenance. He was formerly of Vermont, but had spent some time in the vicinity of Madison, Indiana; and finding that he could purchase a farm on the Kentucky side of the river, at low rates, he did so. He spent some time upon it, without any apparent uneasiness on the part of his neighbours; but when Miss Delia Webster, an old acquaintance, came to live upon the same place, the people conjectured that their farm might be a depot of the Underground Railroad. About this time two valuable slaves were missed from that county. Day avers that he was entirely ignorant of anything pertaining to the escape, until he saw the usual handbill, offering a reward. Soon after, he was sued by the owner in a civil action, who sought to obtain a judgment for $1,500, as the worth of the slaves. He says that the testimony was manfactured to suit the owner, and the jury were eleven to one for finding a verdict for that amount.

At the time of the trial, business had called him out of the State. He returned soon after, and a party of men determined to seize his person. After dark, they assembled about his house. He was, at the time, sitting in his parlour; and hearing a noise and a number of voices, he stepped into an adjoining room, in which his daughter and a nephew were sitting. His daughter locked the door and took charge of the key. One or more of the party came into the house to make search, and finding this door locked, concluded that the object of their pursuit must be within. They demanded admission, and

then threatened to break the door down, but they concluded that it would be better for them to be protected by the colour of law, and with this view despatched one of their number several miles distant to obtain a warrant. They then surrounded the house so as to guard the doors and windows, and had waited until 2 o'clock in the morning. During this time Day had been tasking his Yankee wit, to devise the means of escape. He found in the room the cloak that he had been in the habit of wearing in that vicinity, and by which he would be at once recognised. As his nephew was a man of about his size and general appearance, he put upon him his cloak and hat, and directed him to walk briskly out of the door on one side of the house, and when the party commenced pursuit to give them an opportunity to try their legs. The nephew thus habited had proceeded but a short distance from the house before the cry was raised "Here he is—here he is!" This attracted the attention of the whole party, and they all at once gave chase. So soon as the house was clear, Day left the opposite door, and made his way to the Ohio river, where he found a canoe, and crossed over to Madison, Indiana. He there made known his case to an eminent lawyer, who, by way of caution, detailed it by letter to the Secretary of State, hoping that the Governor would be informed of Day's assertion of his entire innocence of the charges brought against him. Day felt that he was now safe; but in a few days he was arrested under a requisition from the Governor. The Kentuckians had found an indictment against him and laid it before the Governor. His attorney brought him before the Judge of the County Court of Madison, on a writ of habeas corpus. A week's delay was secured for preparation. During this time the people were greatly aroused, and had determined that he should not be taken across the river on any terms.

When the case came up for hearing, a technical difficulty was shown in the proceedings, which the Judge could not well get over. He seemed, however, disposed to postpone his decision, so that the prosecuting party might have time to go to the capitol and have the error rectified. But he could not withstand the outcry of public sentiment. On the morning after the hearing he decided that Day must be discharged upon the papers as brought before him. The friends of Day went to a livery stable, obtained a fleet horse for him, and with a guide directed him to make tracks for a village in another county. Just as he mounted it was announced that another warrant had just been brought from Indianapolis. He had not proceeded more than a square, when the owner of the horse, who is a strong friend of the Union, heard that his horse was to aid in the escape. Much excited, he ran until he overtook Day and demanded his horse. The friends of Day, knowing that no time was to be lost, urged him forward, saying that they would be responsible. With the aid of whip and spurs, he and his guide were soon out of sight. The Livery-stable man, instigated by the Kentuckians, got upon the fleetest horse he had, and made pursuit. When overtaken, Day, rather than be delayed by a controversy, and yielding to the suggestions of the guide, that he substitute his horse, gave up the hired horse. So soon as the owner obtained possession, he gave Day two or three strokes with his whip by way of showing that he lived in a free country. When he returned to Madison he boasted of having given the Abolitionist a good flogging. Thereupon the friends of Day turned the tables and had him arrested for assault and battery, and expected to convict him on his own confessions.

As it was expected that officers with a warrant would soon be in pursuit, and the village would be thoroughly searched, he was dressed in the clothes of a female, and his friends, for greater security, took him to a field and stored him away within a stack of cornstalks.

After a day or two he was put upon the Underground Railroad and forwarded to Ohio. As Governor Wright, of Indiana, is now shaking hands with Kentucky, by partaking of the hospitality of Gov Powell, of Kentucky, at Frankfort, he felt unwilling to trust himself longer under his jurisdiction. O.

THE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT, THE GREAT WANT OF OUR COUNTRY.

AN emphatic testimony was borne by Mr. Wendell Phillips, in his speech at the Tabernacle, last week, to the necessity of a true religious spirit, prevalent in this country, in order to the success of the Anti-Slavery reform. He had lost all faith, he said, in mere political efforts against this deep-rooted, solid, and enormous Wrong, which is sheltered under our Constitution which is bulwarked by an estimated property of two thousand millions of dollars, and which is watched over and defended by such vigilant and faithful champions. The mind of the country must be educated to look at this subject not commercially, not politically, but religiously; as a matter involving religious obligations, and demanding vigorous and united action on the part of religious men; or else Slavery will have all its own way. The view is a just one; and it comes to us now, and from this eminent advocate of the Anti-Slavery cause, with special emphasis and impressiveness.

There must be born and nurtured, throughout this country, a higher spirit of Christian heroism, dauntless, consecrate, and unwordly—that will not care for poverty or for obloquy, that will spurn all present advantages that would tempt it from duty, that will look to Christ and follow him faithfully, that will take hold sincerely on invisible things, and live and die in the power and the beauty of the old martyr-spirit—before this, or any other great organic wrong, can be expelled from among us. Satan never casts out Satan. A merely selfish and covetous conviction of the impolicy of slaveholding will never expel and destroy it from among us. The sense of its wickedness must be established in men's minds; and the daring resolution to do all against it that Christ suggests by his Providence or inspires by his Spirit must be found not only in a few, but in the multitude, in the total religious public of our country, before it can be overcome. Let ministers preach to their people a higher virtue; let them exemplify before them a more sublime and self-sacrificing temper. Let churches, in their prayer-meetings, in their conferences, and church-members universally in their daily life, seek such a virtue as their great object. Let the mighty, the singular and divine forces of the Christian Religion, which were meant to form man to a loftier virtue than that of the most elevated heathen moralists, philosophers or patriots, be allowed to develop their appropriate influence on the character of their recipients; be realized, and expressed, in the true CHRISTIAN temper of self-devotion, zeal, and an intrepid righteousness; and then all forms of iniquity will pass away, silently but certainly, before the new power. Our present fashionable, complimentary, easy-living Christianity is, of course, no match for great and profitable sins. It is essentially superficial and worldly in character; tremendous on dancing, but with no voice of fiery reprobation for the gainful and popular iniquity of Slavery.

The springs must silently be filled among far hills; and then the pressure of their rise will heave away consolidated wickedness, while the picks of a thousand voters could hardly cut an inch-deep crevice from one shore to the other.—*Independent.*

GERRIT SMITH ON THE HOMESTEAD BILL.

WASHINGTON, Monday, March 6, 1854.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS—*My Dear Sir:* An hour ago, I gave my vote against the Homestead bill; and, that too, notwithstanding I had made a speech in favour of it; and, that too, notwithstanding I have, for so many years, loved, and advocated, and acted on, the great essential principles of the bill.

My apparent inconsistency in this case is explained by the fact, that, just before we were called to vote on the bill, it was so amended as to limit its grant of land to *white* persons.

If my fellow land-reformers, with whom I have so long toiled for the success of our land reform doctrines, shall be aggrieved by my vote, I shall be sorry. Nevertheless, I can never regret my vote. I was *a man* before I was *a land reformer*. And, for the sake of no gains, however great, or however many, can I consent to ignore the claims, and even the fact itself, of a common manhood. But the advantages which are sought at the expense of trampling on human rights are not gains. Such gains are losses—even to those who get them. The Homestead bill would have been purchased at too dear a rate had it proscribed only one negro, or only one Indian. The curse of God is upon the bill, or there is no God. There is no God if we have liberty to insult and outrage any portion of his children.

To reconcile me to the bill, as amended, I was told by one of the members of Congress that the coloured people would not be shut out from the public lands, but that they could still buy them! That is, the coloured people must buy their homes, while the white people are to have free homes! What a comment this on the great justifying doctrine of negro Slavery, that the negroes are unable to take care of themselves! What a spectacle of merciless cruelty we present! The most frightful passages of history furnish no parallel to it. Our National Legislature joins our State Legislatures in holding out to the free coloured people the hard alternative of returning under the yoke of Slavery or of being shut out from our broad continent. And then the excuse for this treatment is no less unreasonable and insulting than the treatment is cruel and murderous. It is that the free coloured people are too ignorant, and lazy, and worthless, to deserve any better choice than Slavery or death. And this is the excuse of those who shut out the coloured people from schools and drive them into negro pens, and banish them from society, and mark them as physical and moral lepers, to be everywhere shunned, and loathed, and hated!

That our free coloured brethren should in these circumstances be no more discouraged and dejected, no more self-despairing and self-despising, no lower in intelligence, and morals, and thrift, is to me amazing. That the mass of them should, notwithstanding the depressing, crushing influences upon them, be still rising and bettering their condition, and that there should be rapidly multiplying instances among them of the acquisition of wealth, and of distinction in writing and oratory and general scholarship, is more than I had supposed to be possible. Your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

FREEDOM AND DISUNION.

AMONG the Letters from the People which we this morning publish, is one which merits particular attention, as well from its subject as from the character of the author whose name is signed to it. We refer to the communication of Mr. Foote, of New Haven, under the significant title of Freedom and Disunion. The writer is a retired and wealthy man of business, of ripe years and moderate and conservative tendencies. No person could be more unlikely to take extreme or fanatical views of any great public question, and yet we find him coolly advocating Disunion as the means of extricating the free States, not only from all participation in the crimes and evils of slaveholding, but from the degraded position of tools and abettors in the extension of the accursed system. At the same time he boldly proclaims, what is no doubt true, that separation would be of great pecuniary benefit to the Northern States. We publish his communication as an evidence of the conclusion at which sensible and quiet men are arriving under the conviction that no agreement or compromise which the South may make on this subject can be relied on, and that Southern faith to-day is as worthless as Punic faith of old. If, they say—and there are thousands of such men—this Union is to be converted into a great instrument for the propagation and perpetuation of Slavery, Let it Perish! Such is the effect of the Nebraska perfidy at the North, and such is the spirit to which these conspirators have given birth among the most calm and reflecting classes of our People.

To the Editor of New York Tribune.

SIR: Can not a convention of wise and prudent men from the free States be had to take into consideration the propriety of their immediate separation from the slave-breeding and slave-whipping States? The "painted Devil" of Disunion has so long been held up by the South as a scare-crow to us Doughfaces that we are becoming accustomed to it, and we no longer tremble with fear at the sight of it as heretofore. Perhaps it would be well for the South to look its own bugbear in the face instead of trying to frighten their neighbours with it any longer.

I can perceive no good reason that should induce the free States to wish to remain one day longer chained to the dead carcass of Slavery. They have all the elements of a great empire, and as much territory as can probably be well and safely governed under a republican regime. With unlimited quantities of wheat, iron, and coal, their command of sugar and cotton will be unlimited; and with the enterprise and industry which free labour and a cold climate will always create under a free government, they must inevitably make slave labour their tributary.

The struggle of the slave States for political supremacy in our national councils is one of life and death to them, and they will inevitably succeed in it, because it is *not* a life and death struggle in the free States. Heretofore I have always considered a separation of the States as altogether impracticable, inasmuch as our great western rivers all debouch through these States that must form a part of the Southern confederacy. But our railroads and canals have superseded the necessity of rivers for any other purpose than that for which Richard Brinsley said they were created, viz., to feed navigable canals.

I am not in the habit of writing political or any other kind of essays; but it appears that the pro-Slavery feeling and the moral debauchery consequent upon it is so rampant, that it becomes the duty of every man to raise his voice against it. As public journalists you have much power and influence, and if you would once look the subject of the separation of the States calmly and coolly in the face, you would perceive it is not such a horrible monster as it has been represented, at least so far as the free States are concerned; and if you were once to be convinced that disunion and destruction are not convertible terms, and that it is better to let our Southern brethren enjoy the benefit of their peculiar institutions in peace and by themselves than it is to try to convince them of that of which they have long been aware, viz., that the breeding and whipping of negroes is not only dishonest and dishonourable, but is also very unprofitable, then I think you could do much good. Very respectfully,

SAMUEL E. FOOTE.

New Haven, March 10, 1854.

UNDERGROUND TRAVEL.

ANOTHER FUGITIVE FAMILY SAFE.—Last week, a coloured man, wife and children, fugitives from Virginia bondage, were passed on to Plainfield, when a prompt gathering of the freedom-loving citizens of that town was had, pocket-books drawn as never before to raise a fund, the fleetest teems in the place volunteered, and the fugitives sent on their way to Canada. Nine hours after they left Plainfield, it is said, balked pursuers reached Montpelier, and giving up the chase went back again. Hurra for the Fugitive Slave Law.—*Montpelier (Vt.) Freeman.*

THE Springfield (Vt.) *Telegraph* says that a family of four slaves arrived in that town on Monday last, on their way to Canada. They escaped from Virginia several weeks since. The citizens of Springfield contributed a supply of material aid for them, and furnished them with a new conductor for the next station of the "underground railroad."

ARRIVALS IN CANADA.—The last number of the *Voice of the Fugitive* reports as follows:

Allen Thompson, John Williams, and John Ford, from Woodford, Kentucky, wish us to inform their former professed owners that they have arrived safe and sound in Canada, where their liberties are protected from the grasp of the American Eagle by the British Lion. If they wish to know how these men eluded the chase of the man-hunters of Kentucky, we would inform them that they came by way of the Underground Railroad, where no Slave-hunter is permitted to pass. When these brethren started for Canada, according to their own story, they had not only their own ignorance and poverty to contend with, but the whole combined powers of the wealth, talent and education of the inhabitants of the country, which pursued them with two-legged hounds and printed hand-bills at almost every corner; and but for the aid of an all-wise Providence, they would have been taken. They were all repulsed after a clever combat, with bloody heads, and the fugitives escaped with no serious wounds.

Since the above was written, we have had the pleasure of greeting eight more on Canadian soil, who have just come from the Land of Whips. Two of the men were from Alabama. They had been some time on the way; being rather tired, they were afraid to take the cars of the Underground Railroad.

The last train that came in, on Sabbath evening last, brought the wife and children of a Methodist clergyman from Louisville, Kentucky, who joined his little family in London, C. W., on Monday last. This brother had been waiting and anxiously looking for his wife and children for several weeks or months, and was almost ready to give up in despair; but, thank Heaven, the oppressor's chain is at last broken, and this happy family are joined together in Canada, where they are free, and no more to be separated by Slavery.

HAYDON AND THE ANTI-SLAVERY DELEGATES.—When the great Anti-Slavery Convention, to which delegates were sent from this country, was held in London, in 1840, Haydon, the painter, was employed to paint a picture of the assembly. The picture proved a failure; partly, we suppose, from the haste with which it was painted, but chiefly from the difficulty of making anything pleasing from a mere crowd of portraits.

From Haydon's autobiography, a work of no ordinary interest, we extract the following notices of the picture while it was under his hands.—*Pa. Freeman.*

"*June 30th.*—Scoble called. I said, I shall place you, Thompson, and the negro together. Now an Abolitionist of thorough principle would have gloried in being so placed. This was the touchstone. He sophisticated immediately on the propriety of placing the negro in the distance, as it would have much greater effect.

"Now I, who have never troubled myself in the cause, gloried in the imagination of placing the negro close by his emancipator. The emancipator shrank from it. I'll do it though. If I do not, d—n me.

"Scoble is a fine fellow, but he and Tredgold felt a little touched at the idea. If he had suffered for the cause, why object?

"Lloyd Garrison comes to-day. I'll try him, and this shall be my method of ascertaining the true heart.

"Garrison sat and I succeeded, and hit him. I asked him, and he met me at once directly. George Thompson said he saw no objection. But that was not enough. A man who wished to place the negro on a level must no longer regard him as having been a slave, and feel annoyed at sitting by his side.

* * * * *

"*July 5th.*—Made a drawing of Garrison for the Duchess of Sutherland.

"9th.—Hard at work and well advanced. The Americans are intruding and inquisitive. I have great trouble to parry them, except Garrison. Garrison sat to-day after calling and seeing the Duchess of Sutherland, with whom he was delighted. Household and Duchess bewilder his republican faculties."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1854.

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twentieth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the City of New York, in the REV. DR. CHAPIN'S CHURCH, in Broadway, between Spring and Prince Streets, on WEDNESDAY, May 10th, 1854, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The names of the speakers will be announced hereafter.

The Society will hold meetings for Business and Discussion (in some hall yet to be procured) on the evening following the public Anniversary and on the succeeding THURSDAY and FRIDAY, May 11th and 12th.

The members and friends of the Society far and near are earnestly invited to be present at the public Anniversary and to give us the benefit of their counsel and co-operation at the subsequent meetings. The condition of the country in relation to the Anti-Slavery Agitation will present for the consideration of the Society topics of the gravest importance affecting its future action; hence a large attendance is desirable.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Pres.

EDMUND QUINCY, S. H. GAY, WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.

POLITICAL NATURAL HISTORY.

THE universal attention bestowed by the Legislatures of several States on the Natural History of the same is a very encouraging circumstance, characterizing the present point of the March of Mind. To be sure, it is done for the purpose of developing the mineral resources of the domain, and the other means for enlarging the industry and increasing the wealth of the inhabitants. Still these researches are of none the less service to Science, and indeed do her the greatest service possible in causing her to be recognised as the beneficent handmaiden of man. But the work, however, has been but imperfectly done. Important varieties in some well-known species of the animal kingdom have been permitted in a manner as blameworthy as it is remarkable. For example, interesting though obscure varieties in the Conchology of this State have never yet been reduced into their proper place in the various Reports that have been made of its animals. As the Legislature is now in Session, it would be an act worthy of so grave a body to authorize a Commissioner to inquire into and report the specific differences of the Hard Shells and Soft Shells which every political storm throws up in such quantities on our coasts. It would be interesting to know whether their distinguishing characteristics are so incompatible that the same animal can never pass from one class to the other. Whether a Soft Shell be anything more or less than a Hard in a state of transition, or formation, as the slippery Tad-poll is but the solemn Bull-frog in a previous state of existence. And whether, if put into certain *places*, of similar conditions, the strongest microscope could discover any difference between them.

The Silver Greys, we apprehend, also deserve a place in the Natural History of New York. We do not know, indeed, to what particular species, or even genus, they belong. We take it for granted, however, that they belong to the *bipeds*, and, if not *well-feathered*, that it is through no fault of their own. Perhaps, they partake of the game qualities of the Fighting-Cock, and are rather uncomfortable joint-tenants of the poultry-yard at Albany. They have certainly distinguished themselves by their capacity for Crowing, on certain occasions, and sometimes on very slight ones. The Hunkers and Fogies belong rather to the order of Fossils, which are to be found everywhere, indeed; but still are not unworthy of a place in the Natural History of each State. There are local modifications which alter the habits and appearance of the specimens found in different places, and in the uses to which they can be put. Perhaps no State can boast of a richer variety of all sorts than New York, and a proper classification of them would be a most valuable contribution to the Natural History of Politics. In these days of Lectures, when the Lyceum has become organized into an Institution, and when Lecturers find it so passing hard to find new subjects for their disquisitions, this new Science might open an inexhaustible field for discovery and elucidation. A course of Lectures on the Political Natural History of the United States, or of the several States, even, illustrated by specimens and illustrations, could not fail to be attractive. Indeed, something of the kind was tried this last winter, in this City, and with the most encouraging success. If our idea be followed out, next winter, we venture to prophesy that the Tabernacle will not be large enough to contain the sitters at the feet of the expounders of this Philosophy.

We were very much surprised the other day, in reading the proceedings of the General Court of Massachusetts, to see a proposition made for the publication of a Report on the Invertebrate Animals of that State. We could not understand the meaning of this movement at first. We are not any too familiar with the nomenclature of Science; but we knew enough to know that an Invertebrate Animal is an Animal destitute of that Spinal Column usually denominated by the vulgar *a Backbone*. What possible motive could the Legislature of Massachusetts have for expending the public money for the celebration of a class of animals altogether too common and well-known to requre description? At length we remembered that the Whigs are in possession of that Body, and that they have at this moment a Report before them for erecting a Statue to Daniel Webster (a man who put forth all the strength in his dying hand to knock them on the head), and it occurred to us that this Scientific work might be intended as a monument to an eminent member of that party who now represents them in the Senate of the United States. Being in a grateful and liberal frame of mind, they might think five hundred dollars not thrown away upon a Book in honour of the Living, any more than Ten Thousand upon a Stone, to the Memory of the Dead. Every one must admire the delicacy of the compliment, as no one could question its appropriateness. The Genus of Invertebrate Politicians is by no means confined to Massachusetts, nor is it limited to the ranks of the Whig Party; but it is singularly proper (which we think none interested in the question can deny) that it should be exemplified and illustrated by the most perfect and complete specimen it could afford. In this point of view, we could not but approve of this Legislative action of Massachusetts, and hope it may be carried through to a prosperous conclusion. It must needs be profitable either by way of remembrance or of reproof.

The great misfortune of the North has long been, and now is, that it so teems with the Invertebrate races. They swarm in the market-places, on the Exchange, in the Pulpits, in the Churches, but more especially in the Capitol at Washington. And, what is peculiar about the species is, that Animals having very well articulated *vertebræ*, at home, to all appearance, find them absorbed and reduced to a mere gristle, if so much as that, as soon as they are exposed to the action of that Pandemoniac atmosphere. The great *desideratum* is some method by which the Spinal Process can be restored in cases where it has wholly disappeared. For it is not a mere medullary disease, a softening of the marrow, alone; but it involves the entire destruction of the very osseous column itself. We think it would be well for the Legislature of Massachusetts, in pursuance of the scientific career on which she has entered, to offer a premium for the discovery of some remedy for this Spinal disintegration—a reward for some method for the *Vertebration* of Politicians. Now the politicians from the Slaveholding States have this great advantage over those from the North, that their conditions are favourable to the strengthening of the spinal column. Whatever their faults may be (and it is not our purpose to affirm that they are entirely free from them), they are singularly free from this particular infirmity. So that it follows, of necessity, that when an animal properly vertebrated comes in conflict with one which lacks that columnar support, the weaker stands no chance whatever. This is the reason that the Slaveholders have had everything their own way, for so long. It is all attributable to their backbones. It is the natural consequence of the superiority of a *vertebrated* over an *invertebrated* animal.

What the North needs, therefore, is to cultivate and strengthen this most important function in their political races. How it is to be done is not easy to be said. A good deal can be done by a proper administration or discipline, for the first symptoms of *devertebration* in the patients in the Washington hospitals. Strong intimations that their native air will be recommended for their case, if speedy improvement do not supervene, have been known to have a marvellous good effect. But we conceive that early training alone can effectually remedy this morbid tendency. When the Free States really believe that they have rights as valuable as the Slaveholders deem Slavery to be, and feel with them that they are to be maintained at all hazards, then the political gristle may begin to harden into bone, and our public men stand up as straight as their antagonists. It is early education, chiefly, that is wanted, as well on the part of constituents as of representatives. An old battered politician is past praying for. Every one at all acquainted with pathology knows that there is no cure for a broken back-bone. How perfectly hopeless, then, must be a case where it has entirely disappeared! We fear there is neither balm nor a physician for most of those who have been inmates of the Hospital of Incurables at Washington. A system of Moral Gymnastics, of Political Callisthenics, adopted early and sedulously followed out, is all the hope that we can discern for the checking of this fatal disorder. The seeds of it are but too often sowed at home, or the constitution too much weakened there to withstand the miasmata of the Capital. It is a subject demanding the earnest attention of all interested in the promotion of National Hygiene.—E. Q.

THE CONSPIRATORS BAFFLED!

THE House dealt a staggering blow upon the Nebraska Conspiracy on Tuesday. The Senate Kansas-Nebraska Bill having been reached in the regular order of business upon the Speaker's table, Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, the file-leader of the Administration, moved its reference to the Committee on Territories, of which he is Chairman. His object was to make certain amendments in the Committee, whereby it would be made somewhat less odious to the North, and then put it at once upon its passage without allowing any opportunity for discussion. Mr. Cutting, of New York (Adamantine, and somewhat cool in his relations to the Administration), moved that it be referred to the Committee of the Whole, in order that its several provisions might be fairly and rigidly scrutinized. He avowed himself friendly to the principle of the bill, but said it contained some objectionable features, and he could not be a party to any parliamentary tactics to prevent discussion. Mr Richardson cracked the party whip over the heads of the doughfaces, telling them that to refer the bill to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union would kill it by indirection. It was useless to deny it, and gentlemen need not pretend to him they were favourable to the bill, while they wished to place it in such a position; he had no respect for those who professed to be for the bill while they are using every effort by indirection to destroy and kill it. But this scolding was all in vain. The bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole, by a vote of 110 to 95; 29 absent or not voting.

An analysis of the vote shows the following facts:

In the Affirmative—Whigs from the Free States 44; do. from Slave States 6 (3 from Tennessee, 1 from Maryland, 1 from Louisiana and 1 from North Carolina). Democrats from Free States 54; do. from Slave States 2 (Stanton of Ky. and Benton of Mo.).

In the Negative—From the Slave States 67, of whom 10 were supporters of Gen. Scott, and 2 others Whigs, but opponents of Scott. From the Free States 29—all sham Democrats, as follows:

Maine—McDonald.
Connecticut—Ingersoll.
New York—Mike Walsh.
New Hampshire—Hibbard.
Pennsylvania—Dawson, Florence, J. Glancy, Jones, Kurtz, McNair, Packer, Robbins, Hendrick B. Wright—9.
Ohio—Disney, Linsley, Olds, Shannon—4.
Indiana—John G. Davis, Dunham, English, Hendricks, Smith Miller—5.
Illinois—James Allen, Willis Allen, Richardson—3.
Michigan—Clark.
Iowa—Henn.
California—Latham, McDougall—2.
Absent—Northern Whigs 3; do. Democrats 10. Slave State Whigs 3; do. Democrats 18.

Of the 22 supporters of the Administration in the House from New York, only Mike Walsh voted according to its wish!

The Slave Power will now commence its work of buying the doughfaces, of whom there are many in the market, some of them to be had cheap. The bill is only scotched, not killed. At the worst, however, it cannot go through without the most thorough discussion, and its fate will be determined by the action of the people of the Free States in the next two or three months. Let the agitation go on!

THE *Wesleyan* demurs to the statement of the [London] *Anti-Slavery Advocate* that "Mr. Hemming does not enjoy the confidence of the great body of the thorough Abolitionists of America." It thinks the identity of that portion of the people of the United States is "questionable," and that the *Standard* is not very good authority in the premises. Read:

"The *Standard* is a very respectable Anti-Slavery sheet, of so limited a circulation that it is dependent upon yearly appropriations from the proceeds of 'fairs,' 'bazaars' and etceteras, for its support. It is an able representative of a portion of the Abolitionists of this country. But it is not, nor does it pretend to be, an embodiment of American Abolitionism. That's another thing altogether than the sentiment it advocates.

"It may be that American Abolitionism is wrong. But it is not the Abolitionism of the *Standard*. That denounces the American movement by which those noted advocates of the slave in the House and Senate have been placed on the watch-towers of Liberty. It stigmatises as a crime the exercise of the elective franchise for the slave. It labours zealously to suppress the movements in which hundreds of thousands of Americans are uniting, and which is as inevitable as fate—to make Liberty or Slavery the sole issue at the ballot-box. This is done by declaring that all voting is a sin under the Constitution of the United States.

It is not affirmed now, which is right. But it is affirmed that if the views of any section are to give character to American Abolitionism, it is not the sentiment or action which distinguishes a small portion of the Anti-Slavery host, but that which distinguishes the mass in their action against Slavery. And that is the political Abolitionism of the country."

The *Wesleyan* is quite an adept at conjuring up a fog when it has occasion for concealing itself or bewildering others. It was perfectly clear that by "the *thorough* Abolitionists of America" the *Advocate* meant the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society—no more, no less. It did not undertake to affirm how large or how small a body they were in comparison with other classes of Anti-Slavery people, but only to distinguish them from this by an adjective which it supposed to be properly descriptive of their quality. Our English friends have learned that "all is not gold that glitters." They have found the Abolitionism that boasts itself "American" and vaunts its love and reverence for the Union, to be, like everything else that is peculiarly *American*, deformed by the spirit of compromise; hence they have found it necessary to discriminate between that and the Abolitionism which the *Standard* represents. The *Wesleyan* is quite right in saying that this journal does not pretend to be the embodiment of "*American* Abolitionism." When it assumes *that* character, it will have the grace to blot from its escutchion its present motto, "Without Concealment, without Compromise," and put in its place some sentiment born not of Justice, but of Expediency.

It strikes us that it was altogether *mal-adroit* in the *Wesleyan* to allude to the *Standard's* "limited circulation" as an evidence that it is *not* the representative of the "*thorough* Abolitionists of America." That, we take it, is an item that belongs on the other side of the ledger. We might almost claim it as the unimpeachable sign of our apostleship. If we were to dilute our Anti-Slavery principles, *American* fashion, or ally ourselves to a sect, we fancy it would not be difficult for us to enlarge our circulation to as great an extent as some other papers have done. But we choose to be "thorough" rather than popular, and, having counted the cost, are neither disappointed nor discouraged by the meagerness of the audience to which we speak. The influence of a public journal is not determined so much by the number as by the character of its readers.

But we are accused of denouncing the "American movement by which those noted advocates of the slave in the House and Senate have been placed on the watch-towers of liberty." We must beg our neighbour to explain himself. Does he mean that we have denounced the Whig party for placing Mr. Seward on that watch-tower? We certainly have not thought it our duty to join that movement. If we are a sinner on that account, is not the *Wesleyan*, with all its Free Soil associates, in the same condemnation? Mr. Giddings was originally placed on the tower by the same party, and we candidly confess that we did not participate in the movement any more than we did in that by which he was last elected. Gerrit Smith was placed on the tower by a union of several parties, to neither of which do we belong. Messrs. Chase and Sumner climbed aloft by the aid of coalitions which, however "American" they may have been, never received our co-operation. Which of these is "*the* American movement" that we have so wickedly denounced?

On the subject of voting under the Constitution of the United States, the *Wesleyan* misrepresents us. We have never declared that "*all* voting" under that Constitution is a sin. We have repeatedly admitted that those who can honestly construe the Constitution, as we can not, wholly in favour of freedom, may innocently vote under it. But we have charged with inconsistency and sin those who, while agreeing with us that the Constitution is defiled by compromises with Slavery, yet swear to support it. How often must we repeat this common-sense distinction before it will begin to work itself into the consciousness of our critics?

Again, we are accused of labouring to "suppress the movements" designed "to make Liberty and Slavery the sole issue at the ballot-box." We thought the movement in which the *Standard* is engaged the one best adapted to bring about this very result—to put Liberty and Slavery at direct and deadly issue, not only at the ballot-box, but on the moral arena. What other issue have we treated as paramount to this, or sought to promote at its expense? True, we have not thought the election of Presidents and other federal officers under a pro-Slavery national compact the proper end for which the ballot-box should be employed; but have we ever treated voting as a sin *per se*? Never. Let the North have her ballot-box; but to obtain it, let her not go into a partnership with slaveholders nor consent to their crimes. Our heresy hath this extent—no more.

VOICES FROM THE PULPIT.

ON Sunday evening last, Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER preached in his own pulpit a powerful discourse on the great question that is now before the American people. The house was densely packed with an intelligent and deeply interested audience, whom he held spell-bound for an hour and forty minutes, while with a master hand he depicted the character of Slavery in contrast with the glorious beauties of Freedom, and set forth the solemn duty of the people of the North to plant themselves upon the great principles of human rights as upon the Everlasting Rock, and to refuse any further compromise with the iniquity. The deadly virus of compromise, unless it could be arrested and expelled from our institutions, would destroy the country. The time had come for the North to take her stand, whatever might be the result. For the sake of the South, he would like to have the Union preserved, if it could be done without connivance with her damning sin. He was not yet quite prepared to cry, "who shall deliver us from the body of this death?" but if, in the conflict before us, it should become manifest that there is no alternative but to dissolve the Union or consent that it shall be used as a buttress for Slavery, he would say let it go, and send up to heaven at the same time his loud amen and shout of triumph. If that event should ever transpire, the North, relieved of her burden, would shoot forward in the path of Christian Progress, like a noble steamer relieved of a water-logged hulk that had long impeded her movements, and which she had vainly tried to bring to port. As Hannibal swore eternal hatred to Rome (which is the type of despotism), so, said Mr. Beecher, have I sworn eternal and uncompromising hostility to Slavery in every quarter of the globe, and I will never give over the conflict as long as I have a hand to move, a tongue to speak, or a pen to write.

Mr. Beecher, alluding to the imprisonment of Mrs. Douglass at Norfolk, expressed a wish that she could exchange places with the *other* Douglas; for in that case the Senate would gain a noble member, while the Penitentiary would not be cheated of its due! The "cat-footed" *Journal of Commerce* was not forgotten.

—In the *Christian Inquirer* of last week we find an able Anti-Nebraska sermon by the Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, of Brooklyn. There are several passages we would like to copy, but our limited space will only permit us to give the following:

"This statute of freedom is not sectional, nor do we wish to sustain it as a sectional measure. It is not because the free States will gain by it any personal benefit. It is not that we want the Territory for ourselves. But we want it for freedom. If it were but a question of benefits and privileges personal to ourselves, we might rightfully concede it. But we have this land in trust for others, for the millions of its future inhabitants; we must not sign away their rights; and while they are in our keeping, we must manage them for what we believe to be their best good. Then we have the rights of humanity to this extent in our keeping, and must not sign these away. This claim to share this Territory sounds the more strangely to me when I remember that a division of the national territory has once been made. It is as if I were to divide an inheritance with my brother, and afterwards he should come to me and claim a half of my half, on the ground that we were to share the estate equally. But I repeat, we ought not to look at this as a sectional question between North and South, but as a moral question between freedom and Slavery. And the rights of freedom chance to be now in the hands of the North. Let her be true to them. Again, I say, if the statute of freedom be retained, men from North and South will go there just on an equality: men from the North will go without slaves: men from the South will go without slaves. We forbid them no privilege which we do not at the same time deny ourselves. We give them equal rights. But they want more. Are not my ways equal, are not your ways unequal? saith the Lord. But, it is urged, the inequality is in this, that while one man may go to the common territory with his property, another is forbidden to go with *his* property. Again I say, every species of property which the citizen of a free State may take thither, the citizen of a slave State may take also, and it will be guarantied and secure. But he claims more. He claims a peculiar property; namely, men, women and children, whom he has bought, bred, or raised. Their limbs, their labour, their skill, their brains, their powers of child-bearing, their beauty, their Christianity—these are are his property. Friends, this claim is the very gist and pivot of Slavery. And this claim we must forever and everywhere meet with the firm declaration, *that under no circumstances can man be rightfully the property of man*. The highest judicial authorities concur with the native sentiment of free hearts—declaring that Slavery is a relation so opposed to natural justice, that it can exist only by positive law. Such property is entirely a creation of the law, and outside of the limits of the law which creates it, it has no existence.

"A word more on this question of giving equal rights to Slavery as to freedom, the claim is monstrous. Yet from the way in which you continually hear men speak of the matter, it would seem that they do not consider that there is any moral and essential difference between the two. They talk as if it were nothing more than a question whether white horses should be admitted into Nebraska, and black horses forbidden; and what difference can that make? Nothing shows the demoralizing influence of Slavery over the Northern sentiment more than this. Give equal rights to Slavery and to freedom! Why, you might as well talk of giving equal rights to the slave trade and the flour trade, or to piracy and honest commerce. To give them equal rights would be a monstrous wrong."

—We have also before us, from the press of Oliver & Brother, 89 Nassau street, "A Sermon on the Nebraska Bill, by Rev. CHARLES BEECHER, Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Newark. Published by the Society." Mr. Beecher discusses his subject under the following heads, viz.: I. The Deed. II. Its Character. III. Its Consequences. IV. Our Duty. Upon each of these points he speaks with an earnestness born of heartfelt sympathy with Right and Christian hatred of Wrong. The Duty of the North is thus set forth:

1. As the indispensable prerequisite for doing anything well, let me warn and exhort you to put on humility like a garment. To deal with sin as we ought in others, we must well remember our own deep sinfulness. We must repent in sackcloth and ashes. We must be contrite and broken-hearted, and receive a strength from God through atoning blood; then we shall be able to fight the Christian warfare.

2. We must forecast what we will do if the Bill passes. It *will* pass. At any rate, suppose it. Suppose the worst. Then what? We must be ready, we must have our principles, and our determination fixed for a life struggle. We must say, *Slavery shall go down*. The South have broken all compacts. We will make no more. The South has thrown down the gauntlet, we will take it up. We will never acquiesce in this Bill. We will fight it step by step and inch by inch. We will *repeal* it, if possible. If not, we will call a National Council of Freedom, and adopt such a platform as the country never saw since the Revolution. It shall not be a Whig platform, nor a Democratic platform, nor of any other known political name. It shall be the platform of the principles of '76. The old spirit of the Revolution shall baptize us.

And we will put these planks in that platform:

1. No more slave territory, no more slave States.
2. Abolish the inter-State slave trade. We will have no more buying and selling men and women under OUR flag.
3. Amend the Constitution by striking out the clause for the rendition of fugitives, and abolish all laws based thereon. We will have no more slave-hunting in *our* free States.
4. Deprive those one hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders, with their three million slaves, of their three-fifths votes. Amend the Constitution. Change the basis of representation. Why should not the northern farmer have three votes for every five horses, or oxen, or hogs, as well as the southern planter three votes for every five slaves whom he buys and sells like cattle?

We will no longer put this rod of power into the hands of those capitalists for them to beat us with. We will no more, like Balaam's ass, cry, "Am I not thine ass, on which thou hast ridden since the day I was thine until now; wherefore smitest thou me?"

5. No more buying of Indian territory. The faith of treaties sacred.
6. And if the South choose to go out of the Union, let them try it.

Is the Union a god that we should fall down and worship it?

7. Slavery shall be shut up forever in the States where it now exists. And they may abolish it or not, as they please. But when it comes to the State line, we say, Thus far shalt thou come, and no further.
8. The influence and power of the general Government, and its patronage, shall be thrown on the side of Freedom, and against Slavery.

Let this platform be adopted by a council of freemen. Let the churches adopt it. Let the press sustain it. Let the pulpit preach it. And let the people pledge to it their lives and sacred honour.

And let them vow before God never to cease fighting till that platform is carried.

That may save us. That alone, with God's blessing, *can*.

3. But there is a duty nearer at hand. This supposes the law to have passed. It has not passed. It *may* possibly be defeated. Our most immediate duty, then, is to unite in sending up a cry to Congress that shall make the majority there turn pale.

That majority is corrupt. That majority is unprincipled. From their splendid hotels, from their gorgeous banqueting halls and saloons, from conclave and caucus—aye and some of them from midnight orgies, and drunken revel, and blasphemous debauch in gambling house and brothel—they gather together to insult the steadfast few "faithful found among the faithless," to defy Heaven and barter away the liberties of their country.

That majority, like an infamous herd of political blacklegs, gambling in election stock, sealing the fate of millions unborn—the fate of the greatest empire the sun ever shone on—the fate of the world—upon the cast of the presidential dice!

I will not say, Oh for a Cromwell, with his Iron-sides, to purge these halls at point of bayonet!—a Napoleon, even, to drive those beasts from their stall!—though even that were a blessed exchange. Ah no! I ask for a PEOPLE, rising in their majesty and their strength.

All is at stake. All is lost, if they go on. And is there no check—no rein on their neck—no bridle in the hand of the people?

The science of *lying* is so universally and perfectly developed—falsehood brays in the ear of Congress, with such deafening din, its hundred-tongued rumour—that the wretches in the majority there cannot hear, and will not hear, what the calm and orderly people at home are saying.

Alas! nothing—unless it be a cry like the cry of Egypt at the death of her first-born—will arrest them—unless the nation shriek, as men shrieked when the Deluge burst over them: it will be too late.

But if the voice of the nation, in its depair, in its repentance, in its wrath, rises—like the ocean, like the voice of God—and rolls in and dashes across the walls of Congress, then those minions will tremble; then they will cower and crouch, and the *bill will die*, AND THE NATION WILL LIVE.

Mr. Beecher's platform is as nearly right, probably, as it can be made without repudiating the Constitution. He proposes to amend that instrument by striking out the clause for the rendition of fugitives. Admitting the possibility of ultimate success in such an attempt, many years must elapse before it can be carried. Meanwhile, what is the North to do? Is she to live up to the Constitution, or violate it? If the former, what is that but a foul compromise with iniquity, by which she must be continually debauched? If the latter, what is to be done with the solemn oath which every man holding office under the Government is required to take? Are we to demand of our Presidents and their subordinates that they shall perjure themselves? With this alternative before him, it is surprising to us that Mr. Beecher can think for a moment of any settlement of the question that does not begin with repudiating at once and forever the present compact between the North and the South. Not until he attains the courage to apply to this question the strictest rule of right can he rationally hope to do anything effectual toward its solution. With our own feet in the slough of compromise, how can we lift others out of the ditch?

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Paris (Mo.) *Mercury* gives an account of a decision made at the February term of the Monroe County Court in that State, affirming the validity of an important provision of the act admitting Missouri into the Union. It appears that a negro named Armstead, represented to be of good moral character, emigrated to Missouri from Virginia, some three or four years ago, and applied to the County Court and obtained a license to reside in Monroe County, under the provisions of the statute made and provided. Proceedings were commenced in the aforesaid court for the purpose of revoking the license of said free negro, alleging as a cause for revocal that he had emigrated to the State from Virginia in violation of the statute of 1847, which declares that no free negro or mulatto shall come to the State under any pretence whatever. A motion was filed moving the Court to dismiss the proceedings, because the statute of prohibition was unconstitutional and void—that the statute was enacted in violation of the solemn compact entered into with the Congress of the United States by Missouri, upon her admission into the Union.

The question was elaborately and ably argued by James Carr and W. J. Howell, Esqs.—Mr. Carr contending that the proceedings should be sustained and the license revoked, because the prohibitory statute was constitutional and proper. Maj. Howell contended

that Missouri was bound by her own solemn compact and agreement, by which she had pledged herself never to pass any law prohibiting any citizen of any one of the States of this Union from emigrating to Missouri, and enjoying all the privileges of citizens of like class in that State. The court sustained the motion and dismissed the proceedings, declaring that the Legislature had no right to disregard and violate the solemn compact entered into by Missouri in order to be admitted as a State of the American confederacy; and therefore that the act prohibiting free negroes and mulattoes from emigrating to the State was unconstitutional and void.

MR. EVERETT'S PUSILLANIMITY.

The power given to Slavery by the Federal Constitution, whereby it controls the administration of the Government, necessarily makes a doughface of every Northern politician who does not happen to have the incorruptible integrity and the unflinching courage of a martyr. Most Northern men would prefer, other things being equal, to serve the cause of freedom rather than that of Slavery; but, power and patronage being in the hands of the latter, they are constrained either to forego all hope of high preferment, or bend the knee before the Southern idol. Christ said, "no man *can* serve two masters," but your Northern politician, especially if he would indulge any hope of reaching the Presidential chair, is, by the "peculiar" balance of powers under the Federal Constitution, compelled to undertake the accomplishment of that impossibility. He must *seem* to be on the side of freedom at the very moment when he is compelled to be the most subservient drudge of the slaveholders. Under such circumstances it would be next to a miracle if he were anything else than a hypocrite and a time-server. We need not wonder if conflicting influences like these transform an amiable and well-meaning but ambitious Northern man into a paltering, hesitating, cowardly politician, daring to take neither side of a great question boldly and firmly, and so disgusting all parties by his pusillanimity. If the North would have bold and faithful servants, let her give them a platform to stand upon, and release them from the necessity of stultifying themselves by swearing to a Constitution that recognises slaveholders as republicans, and pays them a bounty, in the shape of political power, in proportion as they multiply their victims.

A man who has the courage to plant himself upon a moral principle is never in doubt as to the path of duty; his instincts, always in healthful play, will be a safe guide in every emergency. But the man whose pole-star is expediency is often in doubt and bewilderment, and, therefore, liable to go for the wrong at the very moment when policy even would dictate the opposite course. Could there be a more striking illustration of this sort of fatuity than the example of Mr. Everett in condescending to *apologize* to his Southern masters for presenting to the Senate the Remonstrance of 3,000 New England Clergymen against the Nebraska Perfidy? This was a case in which policy, even for a Presidential aspirant, lay on the same side with fidelity to Northern rights. On the one side was manliness, with the applause of the North and the respect of the South; on the other pusillanimity, with the indignation of the North and the contempt of the South. It was upon such an issue that Mr. Everett's instincts were utterly at fault. From the force of habit, he crouched before the Slave Power at the very moment when interest no less than duty required that he should utter manly words for freedom. Such blunders, according to the political code, are infinitely worse than crimes, as Mr. Everett will find ere long, if indeed he has not already made the discovery. His conduct has disappointed his friends and excited the disgust of his opponents. That conservative paper, the *Providence Journal*, expresses its disappointment in these terms:

"We did not suppose [expect] ever to see the time when a New England Senator would *apologize* for presenting a petition from three thousand New England clergymen, and when a Senator from Texas would be called upon to defend them from the charge of insulting the Senate and signing their names to false and impious statements."

The *Tribune* gives him a hard rub, thus:

"Our anxious correspondent may rest assured that we have not yet received any certificate from Messrs. Seward, Wade & Co. that Mr. Everett was asleep when he made his timorous and apologetic speech in reply to Douglas, Pettit & Co. on presenting the memorial of the Clergy of New England against the Nebraska Iniquity. He may rest assured that, on receiving the document, we shall publish it without delay."

The *Evening Post* is more fortunate than the *Tribune* in being furnished with a certificate very similar to that which the latter had not seen. It thus enlightens us as to the reasons why Mr. Everett failed to do his duty.

"Mr. Everett's Back and Loins.—A correspondent sends us the following compurgation, which, he says, it is understood 'will appear in the *Congressional Globe* of to-morrow':

'Senate Chamber, March 17, 1854.

'Whereas, complaints have been made and suspicions expressed because the Hon. Edward Everett, one of the Senators from Massachusetts, did not stand up in defence of the memorial of the clergy, which he presented, we cheerfully certify, that, to our knowledge, he was physically unable to do so. We are confident that he desired to do so, and that his opinions were favourable to the remonstrance, and that he was prevented from doing so solely by reason of a defect in his back-bone, which on many occasions prevents his standing up as he would otherwise desire to do. His defect is of a chronic character, and has long been well known by his friends, and to a considerable extent by the public. We add, that this certificate is entirely unsolicited by Mr. Everett, and is volunteered by us from a sense of justice to him.

W. H. Seward,
Hamilton Fish,
T. Smith,
Wade, &c.'

"If, as we have too much reason to fear, Mr. Everett is actually labouring under the infirmities here described, it really is unpardonable in his constituents to require him to bear the burdens of senatorial life any longer. There is no part of the human system more constantly or severely tried in the United States Senate than the back-bone, and it is unnatural, not to say criminal, in the people of Massachusetts to show so little consideration for their eloquent Senator's health. We would advise Mr. Everett to resign and go home at once, and have his back treated. The air of New England, just at this season, is admirable for his complaint; and we have no hesitation in saying, that a sojourn of six months among his constituents would be of more service to his vertebral column than anything he could possibly do."

CHARACTER OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

Our readers may be incredulous, but we assure them upon our word of honour that the solemn indictment of the American Church which we give below is not from any Garrisonian Anti-Slavery paper, but that we cut it with our own scissors from the Cincinnati *Christian Press*, a journal which vaunts itself as the special champion of "Evangelical Orthodoxy," while it brands the American Anti-Slavery Society as an *infidel* Association which no Christian can touch without being defiled. Read!

Facts to Think of.—The external forms of religion, a compliance with which costs no sacrifice, receive from a large majority of its professors much more attention than the practical godliness which affords the only true evidence of a saving union with Christ.

There is not one in ten of the professed followers of Christ who maintain a consistent regard of his requirements, and are governed by the principles of his gospel.

Probably not one in fifty of those who profess to love Christ, and the souls of their fellow men, feel any real practical interest in the salvation of sinners, or put forth any adequate efforts for their conversion.

There is not one in twenty of those who pretend to preach the Gospel who declare the whole counsel of God, and who do not seek the praise of men more than the praise of God.

The amount of money expended in building and decorating houses of worship, not for the purer worship of God, but the gratification of pride, exceeds a hundred fold the amount contributed to give the blessings of an uncorrupted Gospel to the destitute, and to those who are perishing in ignorance and sin.

The amount of talent and money expended for the propagation and support of denominational interests—in other words, sectarianism—exceeds a hundred fold the amount expended for the dissemination of the essential saving doctines of the Gospel.

The Church, for many years, has put forth vastly more effort for the unity of the Church *in* sin than for its purification *from* sin. This is especially true in regard to the enormous sin of Slavery.

It is admitted and declared by some of the leading teachers of religion, that if the Church would purify itself from the sin of Slavery, there is no other power that could sustain that sin, and it would soon be removed from the land; yet many of the leading men in the Church, those who have the pre-eminence, oppose to the utmost all efficient measures for the removal of Slavery from the Church. Hence the sacerdotal robes of the Church are stained with the blood of millions in bondage and under the yoke of oppression.

Now the American Anti-Slavery Society affirms that the Church and Ministry whose portraits are thus sketched are *not* the Church and Ministry of Him who came to preach deliverance to the oppressed, but an arrant imposture—a synagogue of Satan. At this the *Christian Press* waxes indignant, and affirms that, notwithstanding their manifold corruptions, they are the *official representatives of Christ*, having in their hands *His* commission, which endows them with authority of which they cannot divest themselves! We who have so much veneration for Christ as to deny that His Church and Ministers ever countenanced slaveholding, with its brood of iniquities, are denounced as infidels; while those who maintain the impious doctrine that slaveholders, their abettors and apologists, notwithstanding their crimes, yet hold Christ's commission, whereby they are constituted His *official representatives* on earth, are held to be Christians of a type so immaculate that they cannot properly consent to labour with us for the abolition of Slavery. Which of these parties exhibits the spirit of the Nazarene, and which that of the Pharisees; which of them by its doctrine and practice honours Christ, and which of them stabs his religion to the heart; let the reader decide for himself.

LETTER FROM DAVID WILMOT.

David Wilmot, whose name is honourably identified with the struggles of 1848-50, which ended in the overthrow of the Proviso of Freedom and the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill, wrote the following letter in answer to an invitation to attend the late Anti-Nebraska meeting in Philadelphia:

Towanda, March 11, 1854.

Gentlemen: Your favour of the 7th instant was received last evening on my return home from Susquehanna, where I had been for the purpose of attending a general county meeting, called to protest against a repeal of that part of the Missouri Compromise which *forever* prohibits Slavery north of 36 deg. 30 min. in the territory of the Louisiana purchase.

I rejoice that the metropolis of our State is about to speak in condemnation of this wicked and profligate measure. From the time of its introduction into the Senate, I have looked with deep anxiety for some adequate expression of indignation from the city of Penn and the home of Franklin. Oh! that Pennsylvania would again, in this evil day, when the fanaticism of Slavery knows no limits and respects no law, proclaim her revolutionary principles, and that our public men would imitate that exalted virtue which so eminently distinguished those whose names honour and adorn our history. Has Pennsylvania no honoured son, eminent by his services and position, who, in this hour of most imminent peril to liberty, will speak boldly and manfully for his country, for freedom, for humanity?

Will this great and free Commonwealth lend her powerful influence for the extension of African Slavery over the American continent? Or will she stand firm in support of her early faith, and true to the mighty interests of the future? Pennsylvania, by her political voice, can give security to freedom, or she can crush it out for centuries, if not forever. Our representatives in Congress hold in their hands the fate of the Nebraska bill. Let them ponder well the votes they give upon it. The issues involved in it are vital, reaching to the very foundations of our institutions of government.

Africanize the heart of the Republic; open Nebraska to Slavery, and surrender its vast and fertile territory to the servile labour of the black race, thereby effectually excluding from its borders the free white labourer, and the work of revolutionizing this democratic government into a slave oligarchy is accomplished: the blood and treasure and sacrifices of the revolution will have been expended in vain. We will have exchanged the tyranny of a foreign despotism for the galling rule of an aristocracy founded on property in slaves—the most exacting and relentless, as it is the meanest and most timid, of any one on the face of the globe. The present effort to repeal a solemn compact, held as sacred for more than thirty years by the whole American people, illustrates the insolence and faithlessness of this aristocracy. There is not a tyrant in Europe who would so coldly and unblushingly forfeit his honour and plighted faith.

This bold attempt to subvert the free institutions of our country must be resisted to the last extremity, at every hazard, and at whatever cost. He who aids in the consummation of this stupendous wrong, or counsels submission to it, is a traitor to the principles of democracy, and to the highest interests of his country and mankind. To submit would be to encourage further aggressions, while it would deprive us of the power to resist in the future. If, with the four additional Slave States to be carved out of Texas, we allow ten or fifteen more to be formed out of Nebraska (and it is large enough for six of the size of New York), where, I ask, would be left to the free States the power to resist successfully any demand that our rulers and masters might see fit to make upon us? We would be powerless, chained, hand and foot, in the bonds of a degrading vassalage.

What a mockery was the pretended settlement of the Slavery question by the peace measures (so-called) of 1850! How impotent our party platforms and the pledges of Presidents, to hold in check the insolent and aggressive spirit of Slavery! The truce of 1850 was declared final and perpetual. The Baltimore convention resolved against any further agitation of questions connected with Slavery. The President, in his inaugural, gave high assurance that this peace should not be disturbed; yet, under all these guarantees, and when the free States were resting in confident security that no further concessions to Slavery would be required of them, suddenly the ground-swells of agitation shake the country. Slavery is not satisfied, the vast territory of Nebraska, solemnly set apart to free labour by the compromise of 1820, must be wrested from the labouring man and his posterity, and given up to an aristocracy of 300,000 slaveholders, in order to make room for the labour of their slaves, and to preserve the value of their property in the blood and sinews of men.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

D. Wilmot.

Getting Desperate.—We have heard much, in our day, of Virginia politeness and chivalry, but we begin to think that these virtues, so long the boast of the Old Dominion, are, like a certain "institution" whose beauties her sons are ever fond of extolling, very "*peculiar*." Liberty is not the only word whose meaning is reversed in the Southern vocabulary. As that term is defined to mean "the right of a Democrat to larrup his 'nigger,'" so politeness, in the Virginia sense of the word, is what among us Northern barbarians is called vulgar railing and despotic insolence. The remonstrances of Northern clergymen against throwing down the barriers erected thirty years ago to prevent the extension of Slavery to Nebraska have provoked to very madness the Democracy whose emblems are the whip and chain. The *Richmond Examiner* calls the remonstrance headed by Bishop Wainwright an "infernal paper," and says that in it are "packed away historical falsehood, bigoted ignorance, and impious blasphemy," and that it is full of "unblushing violalations of truth and common sense, decency and Christian modesty and charity." It then goes on to vent its pent-up chivalry as follows:

"We have more respect to-day for open, out-spoken, avowed adversaries in the Northern pulpit, than for men professing tolerance, love and charity in general for the South; but who, whenever a malicious blow can be struck at a dark critical period, are prompt to use the stilletto and the slung-shot, in the manner of the militant divines whose names are appended to this paper. We should prefer that the pulpits of these remonstrant clergy should be filled with men like Theodore Parker, bitter and avowed in their hostility to the South, true to their convictions, and bold and positive in the maintenance of them, than occupied with the canting, hypocritical, doughface double-dealers who conceal malice and venom, such as has now broken out in this mendacious, fanatical 'memorial'—behind long visages, under black cloth, and with hollow hypocritical professions of Christian sunshine love."

"We care not how many mendacious and blasphemous memorials they may pour upon Congress. They only disclose the devil's cloven foot and teach our people what they are charitably but stupidly slow to believe, that there is no friendship or tolerance, or Christian charity for the South, where she is most industriously and hypocritically taught to believe they exist, namely, in the Northern pulpit. The great Methodist Church South is the only one that has acted with a particle of manly candour and Christian sincerity in this matter, severing all connection with *brethren* of the stilletto, the assassin's knife and the surplice at the North."

There is a lesson in this which the self-styled *moderate* and *judicious* Anti-Slavery men of the North would do well to heed. They have flattered themselves that, by standing aloof from the Abolitionists and dealing in cautious and honied phrases, they were acquiring an influence with the South that would secure for them a favourable hearing whenever a great crisis like the present should compel them to speak. They may now see how delusive were all such ideas and hopes. So long as they remained silent under the encroachments of Slavery, or merely whispered a feeble protest (made feebler still by disclaimers of sympathy with the Abolitionists), the slaveholders were complacent and patronizing; but now that they have spoken in an earnest and determined voice, they are told to their faces, by those for whose wickedness they have so often apologized, that they are less respected by the recipients of their false charity than those whom they have so often denounced as fanatics and incendiaries! May we not hope that rebuffs like this from the *Richmond Examiner* will convince the North that nothing is to be gained by half-way measures—that every compromise only serves to make matters worse—and that nothing short of radical Abolitionisism can effect the removal of our great national blot and crime. Slaveholders will tolerate nothing but unresisting submission to their schemes. Abolitionists they will respect, doughfaces and compromisers they will continue to despise. Why then seek for a neutral position, or why talk of palliatives? Slavery and freedom are in deadly conflict. Let us be wholly and heartily on the side of one or the other. "If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him."

Testimony of a Church.—There is in this city a young and growing Freewill Baptist Church. Its house of worship is in Sullivan-street, near Houston. The pastor, the Rev. D. M. Graham, is an out-spoken Abolitionist, in as well as out of the pulpit, and, of course, his congregation are well instructed in the duties they owe to the oppressed. A few weeks ago, he preached a faithful discourse on the new scheme for the aggrandizement of Slavery, and subsequently the Church was called together to give expression to its sentiments, which it did by passing unanimously the following resolutions:

Resolved, That while, as Christians, we deem it our duty to obey the injunction of Scripture, that "supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men, for rulers, and for all in authority," we also feel bound, as Christian citizens, patriots and philanthropists, to "watch" as well as "pray," that the great principles of republicanism, humanity and Christianity are not cloven down by legislators, and our fellow men subjected, through their instrumentality, to oppression, ignorance, and practical heathenism.

Resolved, That the bill called the "Nebraska Bill," now before the Congress of the United States, if enacted, with its present provision to repeal the Missouri Compromise, will, in the opinion of this church and congregation, be a violation of public faith, a measure inimical to the peace, welfare, happiness, union, morals and religion of the country; that its authors and supporters will be, in the language of Scripture, "a throne of iniquity * * * which frameth mischief by a law;" and the judgment of the Almighty, who hath declared that he is "the God of the oppressed," will, in all human probability, be visited upon this land, while a righteous retribution will overtake the perpetrators of the stupendous wrong.

Resolved, That in view of the alarming schemes on foot in the National Legislature, we beseech the members thereof, in both Houses, to ponder the words of Holy Writ: "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do. I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of hosts. If thou seest the oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter, for he that is higher than the highest regardeth, and there be higher than they"—and not plunge the country into irretrievable ruin, nor incur the just anger of the Almighty, by passing the Nebraska Bill.

Resolved, That we respectfully and earnestly implore the President of the United States not to encourage the enactment of the Nebraska Bill, nor give it his approval; lest the land of his birth and the people who have elevated him to his high office be dishonoured in view of other nations, his own name go down with dishonour on the historic page, and the displeasure of Him "by whom kings reign, and princes decree justice," be manifested at that day when he cometh to judge the world.

Resolved, That we call upon all the churches in the land to appoint a day of humiliation and prayer with reference to the impending evil, if so be God will have mercy upon the inhabitants of this country, and spare them further reproach, arrest the extension of Slavery, preside in our national councils, give wisdom to our rulers, restrain the devices of the wicked, have mercy upon the down-trodden and oppressed, bring the nation to repentance, cause the wrath of man to praise him, and preserve our social and religious privileges, till time shall be no longer.

Resolved, That it be recommended to all the citizens of the Free and Slave States, who prize the welfare of the Republic, the rights of man, and the favour of Almighty God, to prepare and forward petitions and remonstrances to both Houses of Congress without delay, entreating them not to pass the bill relative to Nebraska in its present form, that thus that country may be saved from the degradation and evils of Slavery, and remain free for education, the Bible, and the Church of Christ.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be signed by the Pastor and Clerk, and forwarded to the President, and to the Senators and Representatives in Congress assembled, and be published in the religious newspapers.

Suppose every local Church in the Free States should adopt resolutions as hearty and earnest as the above, and act consistently with their spirit; how long would the conspirators at Washington dare to defy such an expression of the Religious Sentiment of the North? Inasmuch as the Church does not this work for the slave, she does it not unto Christ.

Clerical Duty.—The pro-slavery journals affect to be much schocked by what they call the interference of the clergy with politics. Conscientious souls! they fear that religion is in danger of being contaminated by the application of its principles to a great question of national morals! The *Times*, a paper not suspected of fanaticism in favour of any reform, takes a different views of the clerical function.

All intelligent people know what the principles of religion are, and are acquainted with the features of virtue. But they sometimes need to be shown how the gearing between religious principle and daily practice is effected. They often want to know how virtue should control them, and which way direct, when the paths are all hedged up. If the clergy claim to be infallible, they would do well to stick by the very *elements*, the most general principles. But where they recognise it as their province to instruct, to reason, and to argue, like fallible but studiously inquiring and earnest men, they should not hesitate to indicate definitely any extraordinary error which begins to prevail. Wolves they may talk of abstractedly, but not omit to point out the wolf that is just springing into the fold. If we are practicing anything which endangers the integrity of our "glorious Union," they have our thanks for telling us of it, and if they see powerful solvents poured over the cements of the several sections of the country, for crying aloud the alarm, though it disturbs our most pleasant rest, they have our pardon. Men were not born, one to be a professor of religion, another to enjoy his politics, a third to be "neutral in politics and religion," as some newspapers are. But a true man, if he has any religion in him, gears it on to his business, and does nothing without reference to it; if he is a worthy politician, he believes in his politics as much on Sunday as Monday. If the policy he believes to be sound is violated, he feels that truth has thus been wounded. He wears neither as men wear their Talmas, to be thrown off on entering this room or that, but lets each principle to which he has given his faith be the actuating power of his life. We have not much faith in the religion or the politics of those who can so easily uncouple them from their acts, of those who let their preaching, voting or talking follow one track while these, like locomotives, are switched off to wood and water on another.

Miss Holley.—We learn from a correspondent that Miss Sallie Holley has been holding a series of meetings in Washington County, in this State, with the most cordial approval of the people in the various localities where she has lectured. The Nebraska Bill, we infer from our correspondent's letter, has created a deep and earnest feeling in that section of the State, which, whatever may be the result, is sure to be lasting with a large portion of the community. Mr. Frederick Douglass has been lecturing in the same neighbourhood, and with his usual power.

Miss Holley goes from Washington County to Renssellaer County, and we bespeak for her a warm reception among the Abolitionists of that region.

John L. O'Sullivan.—We alluded last week to the fall of this once promising scion of democracy, now a candidate before the Senate for the office of Chargé to Portugal. A writer in the *Evening Post* pays him the following delicate compliment:

"Lisbon is described as a place where all imaginable dirt and inconceivably repulsive smells are concentrated. It is delicate, therefore, in our minister to Portugal to roll himself over in the gutter before going thither. It shows the attention which our administration pays to what critics call 'costume.'"

The Prohibitory Liquor Law passed in the Assembly on Wednesday by a vote of 78 to 42. It had previously passed the Senate, and, unless vetoed by Gov. Seymour, will go into effect on the first of May.

John Mitchel.—Perhaps we ought to apologize that we again burden the columns of this paper with anything from John Mitchel's *Citizen;* but as we have some readers in his native land, all of whom, it is natural to suppose, will feel an interest to know precisely the position which he occupies and deliberately maintains on the great question of Liberty in his adopted country, we give place to his sober second thought in an article on the Tabernacle Lectures, which may be found in its appropriate column on our first page. To the article itself we shall not undertake the vain labour of reply. Whether Slavery is right or wrong is, we take it, a question that now hardly calls for discussion, though this is the issue which Mr. Mitchel chooses to make. He is at least twenty years behind time in the great battle; and if he chooses to amuse himself with fighting against the clouds of black dust which still linger in the distant horizon, but which everybody else has left so far, far behind them, we have only to say to those of his old friends who may be anxiously looking for him, that he may be found somewhere there as far out of sight, as he soon will be out of mind. Let him go.

What the North can Do.—The *Tribune* indicates in the following paragraph the stand which it thinks the North should take at the present crisis. It is the best that can be done under the present Constitution, but falls far short of the true policy, which demands, in our judgment, an entire revolution—a dashing to pieces of the present national compact.

Is it asked what the North can do? Destroy the breed of doughfaces. Break every man of them upon the wheel, and sow salt upon the ground that grows them. There is no other remedy. If we are sold this time, Kansas becomes a slave territory at once. Nebraska will probably follow suit, though extraordinary exertion may save it. But it is too much to expect. Organize the North for reclamation and defence. Re-establish the Missouri Compromise line. Resist the admission of either hereafter as a slave State. Make these two conditions a *sine qua non* in the election of every Northern man to Congress. Elect none but Northern Presidents who are *not* doughfaces. In this way only can be regained what is now to be lost if the Nebraska swindle is consummated. The country blushes when it thinks of Hull's surrender. What was that to this surrender of Douglas and Pierce? The nation burns with indignation at the name of Benedict Arnold. But Arnold's was but attempted and baffled treachery. On the accomplished treason of the Kansas and Nebraska conspiracy, how much more intense should be the condemnation of the people who are betrayed, how much more blasting the judgment of mankind? These men who would thus raffle off freedom for the Presidency would not hesitate to offer the Kingdom of Heaven at auction if they could make anything by it.

Gen. Houston, sometimes called the "hero of San Jacinto," is understood to be an aspirant to the Presidency. A writer in the *Evening Post*, whom the editor endorses as "a man of enlightened political views," alludes to him in these terms:

"I do not know whether we shall ever make the Texan Senator our President. He needs position less than any one, I know, for his fame. I believe that the future romancer—the Walter Scott or Dumas of the next century—will regard him as the most romantic type of the spirit of adventure, of the democratic energy and of the bold statesmanship of the age. Mr. Webster, and all the public men who have modelled themselves after the British parliamentariains, will be forgotten—merely because they were imitators; while Houston, and Old Bullion, and Old Hickory, will be remembered for their individuality of character, and be regarded as types of the heroic age of the republic. Would that they were not rather exceptions to the mass whom they redeem."

The opposition of the veteran borderer to the Nebraska Bill, and his defence of the remonstrance of the New England clergy against it (for presenting which, Edward Everett made an *apology!*), have won for him a place in the respect of the Northern people which he never filled before. So much is certain, whatever may be his future.

"The American Jubilee" is the title of a small monthly quarto journal, the first number of which has just been issued by William Goodell. Its object is to "unfold, explain, vindicate and propagate" the doctrine that Slavery has no *legal* existence in any of the States, and that the Federal Government is bound by the Constitution immediately to abolish it; and it will call upon the people to maintan this doctrine at the ballot-box, thus providing for a federal Legislature, a federal Judiciary and a federal Executive that shall give it a national expression and force. Mr. Goodell calls upon his friends to raise the sum of $2,500, to enable him to place his paper upon a substantial basis. His terms are as follows: Single copies, 50 cents; five copies to one person, $2; eight copies copies, $8; thirty copies, $10.

New Hampshire.—Reports received since our last paper was put to press show that the Administration is broken down in the Granite State. There are elected to the House 100 Whigs and 57 Independent Democrats (157 in all), who will work together harmoniously, and 148 Democrats, some of whom are *pledged* against the Nebraska bill. The Democratic Governor is elected, and the same party has a majority in the Senate. Nebraska United States Senators *cannot* be elected—*anti*-Nebraska ones *may* be—but the probability is that the election will be postponed for a year.

Comfort after Defeat.—Rev. J. Morris Pease was so prodigiously mortified by his signal defeat in the discussion of the Colonization Question with Rev. Samuel Aaron, at Norristown, Pa., that some of his lady friends, seeing his need of consolation, presented him with a gold-headed cane. It was certainly maladroit, if not positively cruel, to remind him by the nature of their gift of the *caning* he had just received from Mr. Aaron.

Putnam's Magazine for March.—A month-old Magazine is out of date in these fast times, or we might give an extended notice of Putnam for March. To everybody who has not read it, however, we may, at least, commend the fine poem by Lowell, which we place on the fourth page of this week's *Standard*. A Magazine that sometimes gives such poems is worth keeping the run of, even if it were not always full of good things.

The Rescue of a Fugitive Slave at Milwaukee (an account of which will be found on the first page) is an event over which angels in heaven and the good of earth will rejoice. This is one of the first fruits of the Nebraska speculation. There is rising at the North a spirit which says, "No more compromises with Slavery. Let us trample those heretofore made under our feet."

A Failure.—The officeholders, headed by Captain Rynders, held a meeting at Old Tammany last week to favour the Nebraska swindle. It was a dead failure.

THE LION AND THE TIGER.

BY G. H. H.

A Lion, one day, overcome by fatigue, sought for repose on the scorching plains of Africa. When his mighty limbs were once relaxed in slumber, none of his subjects would have presumed to disturb him, unless on the most momentous affairs. Nor was he, when awake, apt to be annoyed by trifles, as those of weaker organization; but, fully conscious of his dignified position, and of the strength he could manifest when required, he did not choose to squander his power by the display of a useless and bustling activity. He was the very type of a "masterly inactivity." Cruelty was no sport to this noble animal. But there dwelt one in his kingdom who was well nigh bringing his government into disrepute—the Tiger. There was much whispering of his cruelty, and unceasing, but low, murmurings of discontent among the courtiers; but still there was a lack of testimony; and the wailing of mothers for their young, of friends bereft of those dear to them, sounded sadly throughout the region. But the Lion, through the magnanimity of his disposition, allowed for the exaggeration of popular rumour, allowed for the proverbial envy of courtiers, and, above all, gratefully and affectionately remembered that they had frequently shared the same danger together, and that he had been the recipient of many little unexpected favours from the Tiger, in the way of various kinds of meat. He did not understand the Tiger's nature, that destruction was his element.

But this day the Lion felt unaccountably restless; nervous sensations agitated him; as soon as his eyes were closed, frightful dreams of far-off lands, and men, and cages, and restraint, and of destruction near at home, caused his large frame to shudder. At length he ceased to sleep, and lay ruminating with his eyes partially closed, when a slight noise attracted his attention, which he quickly recognised as the stealthy footstep of his friend, the Tiger, although he appeared to tread, at first, with more than his usual caution. This slight deviation even was received by the Lion as a delicate attention—a fresh evidence of friendship. O! noble Lion. O! unsuspicious beast. But what has arrested his thought? What causes him to strain every nerve, and listen with breathless anxiety? He hears the heartless traitor, whom he has called friend, and in pity sheltered from the overwhelming detestation which had been so long desiring to vent itself on him; he hears him muttering between his teeth after this fashion: "Slothful fool, thou shalt pay dearly yet for thy inactivity; even thy ignorance deserves punishment; thou shouldst have known, king of animals, that friendship and attachment are not possible to my nature. I long to seize on thee, and deface thee with my tiger claws—but it is too soon." And, spurning the form of his sleeping master with one of his paws, he sprang past him in a second.

The Lion had heard this soliloquy in amazement, from which before he had recovered, ere a moment had elapsed, he heard a sound which went to his parental heart; all the Lion and the father were roused in his nature: here was no time for reflection, and, with the rapidity of thought, he was by the side of the fierce wretch, the violator of his domestic peace, whom he found, with a countenance expressive of the most fiendish desire and exultation, with his claws fixed in the body of the young Lion, whom he endeavoured to drag from his den—but the *Lion's paw was on him:* in a moment more, and the father would have been too late. The Tiger opened his jaws and politely raised a paw, as though he desired a parley, when he perceived how the case stood; but the Lion, anticipating him, said: "It is of no use to make any more attempts, it is all over with thee; and, furthermore, because of thy exceeding treachery, thou shalt not, as is the custom with most criminals, even have permission to make a dying speech; but, rather thou shalt be the listener. As I look at thee now, I recognise, fully, for the first time, thy depraved character gleaming through thy hideous features—features which I charitably had thought, disagreeable though they were, might hide a tender heart, as does many a rough exterior. Thou, who hadst not the sense to discriminate between impotence and withheld action, hast boasted of thy superior activity. Despicable!" Here he glanced round on the crowd which had assembled in consequence of the disturbance, and whom he wished to be instructed by his address, "There is a small weak insect still more active than thee—the fly! Reap the reward of thy vicious activity and unnecessary cruelty." Saying which, with one loud roar that went to the hearts of all, with one effort of his strength, and his enemy—the terror of the community—was no more.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE CAUSE OF WOMAN.

At the Cleveland Woman's Rights Convention, the undersigned were appointed a committee to obtain the preparation of two essays, one on the *Educational Opportunities* of American Women, and one on their *Business Opportunities*.

Even a superficial discharge of this duty must involve a wider investigation of facts, than is possible for any one person. Agents have therefore been already engaged in several of the States, to make inquiries. It is impossible, however, to do the whole work even in this manner; and the Committee therefore respectfully ask the voluntary co-operation of all who are interested in elevating the position of Woman.

The following are the points on which information is especially solicited:

1. *Educational Opportunities of American Women.*
(*a*) State legislation respecting Female Education;
(*b*) Statistics and condition of Primary and Grammar Schools to which Females are admitted, in the several States.
(*c*) Do. of High and Normal Schools.
(*d*) Do. of Academies and private Schools.
(*e*) Do. of Collegiate and Professional Institutions.
2. *Business Opportunities of American Women.*
(*a*) Statistics of actual employment of Women in various parts of the Union.
(1) Mechanical, (3) Mercantile,
(2) Agricultural, (4) Professional.
(*b*) Wages paid to them, as compared with those of Men.
(*c*) Employments which they might fill but do not, and impediments in the way.

It is important that the information given should in all cases be as definite and systematic as possible. Facts are what we now aim at—not arguments, but the preliminary basis for argument. Let each person who reads this, ascertain what is within his or her reach, and communicate it within six months, if possible. For any very extensive or valuable communications, payment may in some cases be made. Any pamphlets, newspapers or circulars bearing upon the above subject, will also be gladly received. Communications may be addressed (post paid if possible) to *Rev. T. W. Higginson, Worcester, Mass.*

Lucretia Mott,
Wendell Phillips,
Ernestine L. Rose,
Lucy Stone,
T. W. Higginson.

January 5, 1854.

SUMMARY.

Decline of Quakerism in England.—In the year 1800, there were four hundred and thirteen Quaker meeting-houses in England. There are now but three hundred and seventeen.

Bishop Potter, of Pa., has refused to lecture before the Young Men's Association of Pittsburgh. The cause was, Miss Lucy Stone had preceded him as a lecturer, and Miss A. L. Brown was to follow.

Canadian Patriots.—Dr. Wolfred Nelson has been elected Mayor of Montreal. Seventeen years ago, "the hero of St. Dennis," as he has been styled, was brought into the city in irons, amid the insults and taunts of the populace. He was the admitted leader of the revolt of 1837, but subsequently pardoned through the influence of Lord Durham.

The Negroes Rising.—The Editor of the Louisville *Christian Advocate* says: "The only Methodist church we know of in our communion that can boast an *organ*, is a coloured church in this city, where a large proportion of the membership are slaves. What do the Abolitionists think of that?"—*S. C. Telescope.*

Some people would think that such a people might have their liberty. Do you?—*Independent.*

Remarkable Longevity.—Frances, a free woman of colour, died recently at the city hospital of "debility," having attained the remarkable age of 146 years. We have known of several cases of Creoles living to a great age, but do not remember an instance anywhere of any colour attaining such an age as the above, and we should be inclined to discredit this, but that the fact is officially reported to us from the city hospital.—*Mobile Adv.*

Three Hundred Arguments.—The Chicago *Tribune*, published at the home of Douglas, says, Douglas has three hundred substantial reasons for his bill to legalize Slavery in Nebraska, in the shape of three hundred "fat negro slaves," which he owns upon his plantation down in Mississippi. These are, undoubtedly, weighty reasons with him. He has also one other reason—the promised support of two hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders for the Presidency. Perhaps that will elect him. Perhaps not.

An Immense Hotel.—The additions to the St. Nicholas Hotel, so long in progress, have been completed, and opened for guests. The St. Nicholas has now a front of 300 feet on Broadway, and a depth of 200 feet. It runs along three streets; has 600 rooms (including 150 suites for families); is lighted with 2,000 gas-lights; employs 275 servants; has *two miles* of halls and corridors; contains 30 miles of piping; is protected from fire and robbery by a night and day police; and lacks nothing which can minister to comfort and luxury in any department.

Liberty and Union.—At the recent meeting against the Nebraska swindle, in Providence, R. I., the Rev. Mr. Walcott, in his address, which is published in the Providence *Journal*, says:

"If this Union is thus to be perverted and degraded; if, instead of being an asylum and home of Liberty, it is to be the refuge and bulwark of oppression; if, instead of being a terror to despots, it is to be the accomplice and tool of tyranny, the base instrument of Slavery propagandism—then, in Heaven's name, let the Union be dissolved."

Bayard Taylor.—The New York *Sunday Times*, says: If "Young America" should ever stand in need of a candidate for the Presidency who is a thorough specimen of their kind, we nominate to the party Bayard Taylor. The man who travelled over Europe a-foot; who has hunted through Africa for the sources of the Nile; who has crossed the earth in two years; who has seen the genuine Japan ware; who has taken notes of the China question; who has then returned to crack jokes with a *Tribune* newsboy (as we saw him yesterday), is a leading sample of a man of progress. Let Judge Douglas look out for his laurels—notwithstanding his recent tour to Rome.

The Boston Ice Trade.—The Boston *Courier* estimates the quantity of ice cut and gathered in the eleven store-houses in the vicinity of that city to be about two-hundred and seventy thousand tons. The receipts of the several railroads for freight of this ice will amount to about one hundred thousand dollars; labour for cutting, &c., two hundred thousand dollars. Large sums are also paid for sawdust and other materials for packing, wharfage, &c., on the ice shipped. To ship the surplus from our city to foreign ports would require about two hundred ships of one thousand tons each, the freight of which could not amount to less than four hundred thousand dollars.

Horrible Case of Starvation and Death.—We have the painful duty of recording to-day one of the most heart-sickening cases of disaster at sea it has ever been our lot to speak of. The bark Saxonville, Captain Hutchins, arrived at this port yesterday, reports having fallen in with, on the 1st instant, the wreck of the bark Orline St. John, of Gardiner, Maine, Captain Rodbird, from Norfolk, bound to Barbadoes. The Orline St. John had been hove down and dismasted Feb. 21st, in a gale from S. E., her cabin was filled with water, and a coloured seaman named Martin drowned. The second mate (name unknown), was drowned in the cabin on the night of the 22d. Captain Rodbird's wife died in his arms on the 22d, and another coloured seaman named Douglas died on the 23d, from exposure and want. From that time till taken off by the Saxonville, on the 1st instant, the survivers, Captain Rodbird, two sailors and the cook, were without provisions and water, and to sustain life were obliged to *feed on the body of the coloured sailor, Douglas.* On the arrival of the Saxonville, one of the sailors above named was taken to the Hospital with a broken leg, and the others remain in a most distressing state on board, at India Wharf.—*Boston Atlas, March* 9.

Women in Printing Offices.—At the recent Printers Convention at Springfield, Ill., the following preamble and resolution were offered, and which were adopted by a vote of 11 yeas to 3 nays:

"Whereas, The employment of females in printing offices as compositors, has, wherever adopted, been found a decided benefit, both as regard the moral tendencies inculcated, and the dependance to be placed in their constant presence and attendance upon the duties required of them; and, as a means of opening a wider field of remunerative labour to a deserving class of society; therefore be it

Resolved, That this Association recommends to its members the employment of Females in their offices, wherever, and whenever practicable."

A Nut for Abolitionism.—A bill has recently passed the Senate of Virginia, for the purpose of allowing certain free negroes in the County of Nottoway, to enslave themselves. These negroes had earnestly petitioned to the Legislature for this privilege. Mr. Campbell, the able and estimable Senator from the Nottoway district, in making a statement of facts to the Senate, said they were manumitted by the will of a gentleman in his district, and that their desire was to be sold to their late master's next kin. A large number of respectable citizens of Nottoway, feeling an interest in the negroes for their good character, added their recommendations for the same object. The bill has passed the Senate, and we have no doubt, will pass the House.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Andover Awake!—We fear—or, to tell the truth, we hope—that the estimable young Andover student who recently "came down" at such a terrible rate in the *Transcript*, upon one of the ministers in this city for preaching an Anti-Nebraska sermon, will, by this time, have come to the conclusion that he rather poorly and quite falsely represented Andover, in what he did upon that occasion. We have most welcome advices from that venerable and beloved locality, which inform us that two great petitions against the nefarious plot of Senator Douglas, one headed by the signature of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and signed by a multitude of women, the other headed by Dr. Woods, and the faculty and students of the Seminary—and both together carrying *eleven hundred names*—have gone on to Washington and been presented to Congress during the past week.

How any man can have the heart to doubt the orthodoxy of Andover after this, we cannot imagine. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

We wish we may be able to say as much of some other Seminaries and Seminary localities.—*Congregationalist.*

A Street Scene.—This world is a great dice-box, and nobody can tell what will "turn up" at the next throw There are incident and romance enough transpiring every day in the streets of the metropolis to furnish *materiel* for the poet and novelist to the end of time.

Yesterday afternoon a well dressed gentleman was passing up Broadway. Foreign suns had evidently given to a face once fair a tinge of bronze, and though nearly half a century might have rolled over his head, yet it had left few traces behind it, and no evidences that the shadows were falling far to the eastward.

Near Trinity Church sat an old apple-woman. A tattered cloak of plaid was thrown over her shoulders; her eyes were dim, her hand trembling, and the thin gray hair, escaped from the keeping of a cap guiltless of lace, lay upon her cheek. The old woman was watching for purchasers, and her eyes rested upon the form of a stranger as he proceeded leisurely along, pausing now and then as he seemingly recognised some spot familiar in other days, or noted some unexpected, and to him doubtless, painful changes.

The old woman suddenly dropped her basket and the apples rolled hither and thither, but she did not heed them. "George!" she exclaimed, as she sprang to her feet, "George!" The stranger turned in the direction of the voice. In an instant his quiet manner vanished. "George!" Mother!" and the twain were clasped in each other's arms. Greatly did some marvel at the scene. "Has the old woman fainted?" cried one. "Has she been stealing?" asked another. Yes, she *had* been stealing—stealing whole years of care from Time, and flinging it to the winds. But "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and there was many a heart that beat softer at the scene. Twenty years ago "George" had left his home in Utica, New York, and gone "down to the sea" and done "business upon great waters." After varied fortunes, that brightened at last, he had returned to find the old homestead razed to the ground, a block of stores occupying its site, every inch of which had been dear to him. He found no brother, no sister, to welcome him—but an old man pointed out his father's grave. It was sunken and without a stone to mark where he lay. Of his mother he could obtain no trace. She had left Utica long ago to seek her son in New York and had never returned.

Who can tell how she watched, and waited, and wept, for that first-born wandering son! Who can tell by what a painful descent she went down from comfort and a home to the street, old age and poverty!

But yesterday it was all made right. "The dead was alive again, and the lost was found." And to-day, who thinks she would exchange places with the most favoured of fortune that dwell in mansions of marble?

God grant that much joy break not the pitcher at the fountain or the wheel at the cistern. God grant *many* such meetings in this world of partings.—*Tribune.*

MARRIED.

Jones—Sayer.—At Milton, Ulster Co., on the 11th instant, at the house of David Sowle, John P. Jones, of Patterson, Dutchess Co., to Jane Elizabeth Sayer.

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March 17, 1854. mar25-3w

NEW YORK CENTRAL COLLEGE,

Located in the Village of McGrawville, in the County of Cortland, New York, was founded in 1849, upon the broad principles of "Equal Rights and Christian Reform," and is open to all persons, of both sexes, of good moral character.

It has been the purpose of the Trustees of this School, from the first, to make it both safe and inviting to Students; and we believe we may now safely recommend it under the supervision and care of President Leonard G. Calkins, whose ability for that responsible office has been most happily tested, assisted by a competent "Board of Instruction"—free from the unholy influence of larger towns, and pervaded by Moral influences, Republican habits and Christian example, associated with Manual Labour, we think Parents must feel a degree of security, begotten by no other set of circumstances.

One arrangement in this Institution, not to be overlooked in this day of "Public Speaking," is a Rhetorical Class, with daily exercises in Extemporaneous Speaking, under the careful training of the President.

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The second, or Winter term, will commence on the second Thursday in December, and continue fourteen weeks.

The third and last, or Summer Term, will begin on the second Thursday in April, and close at the College Commencement, on the second Wednesday in July.

☞ Any inquiries, relating immediately to the School, should be addressed to President L. G. Calkins, McGrawvile, Cortland County, N. Y.

Anything regarding the Pecuniary affairs should be addressed to A. Caldwell, Treasurer, of the same place.

We would take this opportunity to recommend to the Public our tried and approved Agents, Silas Hammond, S. H. Taft, and Eld. D. Pease, as worthy of their confidence.

A. Caldwell, Gen. Agent.

McGrawville, February, 1854.

Just Published,

PROCEEDINGS of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at its Second Decade, held in the City of Philadelphia, Dec. 3d, 4th and 5th, 1853, with the principal speeches delivered on the occasion. Phonographically reported by J. M. W. Yerrinton. A very valuable historical pamphlet. For sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 142 Nassau St. Price 25 cents.

Miscellaneous Department.

ITALIAN REPUBLICANS IN EXILE.

THOSE who saw, with so much pleasure, at the last National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, a medallion of the heroic defender of Venice, MANIN (presented by the great French sculptor, also a Republican, David d'Angers), will be gratified to see, by the following articlefrom the *Siecle* (the translation of which is sent us), what sympathy clusters round this illustrious exile in Paris.

EMILIA MANIN.

Nearly five years ago, an exile, with his wife and his two children, landed at Marseilles. He had come from afar, seeking in the setting sun of another republic one last ray of Liberty. He had hardly touched the shore, when earth claimed the dearest part of his existence. His wife died. He buried her by the sea mark, cast one last look across the waves to where his country faded from his sight amid the Tempest, and went on his way of exile. Ah! how treacherous is Life! at every step of its thorny road we are obliged to leave a fragment of our souls behind.

Thus did MANIN reach Paris, a stranger, poor and lonely, reduced to give lessons for his livelihood. It was with a sort of terror that he pressed to his heart the last living relics of his domestic hearth. He ceased to have confidence in destiny. Alas—destiny had only too many trials in store for him. Of these cherished remains of his past joys, assuaging the bitterness of exile, one only is now left. His daughter is dead. A train of pious friends followed her, last week, to her final rest.

EMILIA MANIN dwelt on earth only to suffer. Her life was one long endurance of pain. God gave her a soul too strong for her feeble frame. She sunk under it from her birth, as one who bears upon the brow the lightning token of Election. She had, like Pascal, that fatal gift of precocious genius, which jealous nature makes the possessor pay for in suffering. The most difficult problems of mathematics were to her only an amusement; and when she spoke, her discourse rose without an effort into lyric poetry. Sad emblem of her native land, she seemed, like the sybil of antiquity, to tremble with the prophetic inspiration, the perpetual convulsive effort after Liberty.

She existed only to love—to pray, to weep—as if, apart from that, she had no lot among the living. A fading blossom, she never knew or joy or youth. Except within the restricted limits of the closest intimacy, she saw no one. She neither knew nor wished to know anything of that great tumult called Paris. Absent from the earth she has ceased to tread, buried in herself, with brow thoughtful and earnest, she pursued, night and day, the internal monologue that she still perhaps keeps up on the other shore. One would have said that, impatient for a better world, she had begun here below her life of immortality.

The heavy air of our climate weighed upon her eyelids, bathed from the cradle in the brilliant light of Venice. She suffered from the snow, the cold, the wind and the mist. The sun was her one great want; and when Spring came, she opened her window to its first ray, as to the mystic guest of her hope; and then, for hours lost in the delicious contemplation of that smile of God upon nature, she watched, with looks of mute confidence, the swallow—"the beloved sister of the exile."* She would then pour out the fullness of her afflicted soul before the image of her crucified country suspended over her pillow, lying prostrate, with groans and tears, whole hours of the evening. A powerless Joan of Arc, like that glorious shepherdess an emblem of her native land, she bore in her own soul the desolation of a whole people. Never beneath the Psalmist's river willows did more pathetic plaint tremble upon the lips of Jewish captive.

At length her time came. She had exhausted the cup of suffering to its poisoned dregs. All that woman could support of agonies and live, or undergo of deaths and still live on, had she not, Gracious God, who sawest not fit to grant more swift deliverance—had she not felt them all! no single fibre of her being that had not been ground and broken, over and over in this perpetual and invisible torture. At length life could no longer keep up the conflict, and that night the silent martyr turned her head upon her pillow and took her first hour of rest. Sleep! sleep! poor child! thou hast dearly bought the right to that repose! Her soul, yet trembling with the struggle with insatiable torture, has now risen to God, to ask him, face to face, the fatal question of her whole life—"What sentest thou me on earth to do!"

Ah! here on earth, or not at all, have we the proof of immortality. If God did not cause the other scale to mount at our death where would be his justice? What need of his existence or his name? We need in fact but reject his useless gift of life, as the tired guest of an orgie casts from him the empty cup. What! shall the good pass through this valley of affliction only to suffer the more for their very goodness? What! shall those most rich in affection and devotedness but spend their souls so freely for their friends, loving others even to immolation of themselves, merely to afford the shaft of destiny a deadlier aim? And shall that moral wrong be no where righted which rewards crime and punishes goodness? who dares to say so?

Yes, it is our profound conviction that EMELIA MANIN has now entered into full possession of herself. After so long a search, she has at length attained the consciousness of what she is. In the last days of that prolonged agony—her life, she invoked the sun more wildly than ever. The sun was to her the pharos of the distant post. Its beams lit up her funeral as if in token of the word of promise of a good providence. We took those rays to witness, not as a caprice of superstition, but with the deepest feeling of piety that now, the holy maiden, reconconciled to life, has entered into her reward. It is—it must be great, for unknown is the vast amount of her virtues. How complete she was in their exercise, except her father and brother, you alone know, pious and devoted one (still is there balm in Gilead!), who didst descend from the heights of ease and wealth to be the adoptive mother of this gentle victim, who didst watch over and console, who folded her in her winding sheet and laidest her asleep in God.

She loved goodness with all her soul, she loved to do good whether with thought, word or act. She loved to see it done. Righteousness was to her a sort of refuge; the mysterious Paraclet where she gently reposed her weary head after the tempest. By the thought of it continually present in her soul, she thought to pay the ransom of her country. Oh! Italy! I have aforetime spoken evil of thee, but I envy thee now; for lo! how thy children love thee. The unhappy exile when about to die, no longer able to speak, made signs that she wished to write. Paper being given her, with dying hand and half closed eye, she traced at random this last adieu to her birth place. "Oh, Venice! I shall never more behold thee!"

Not so, poor child! thou shalt again behold her, but raised from death, as thou art! The discord of the moral and of the material world shall not last forever. Not to the heroes only who here below have written on their lives the two most noble words of human language, FREEDOM and FATHER LAND; shall it be given, at length, to prevail. No! we would fain think that thou, most suffering one, hast gone before to plead above the cause of all who suffer; that thou, most deeply tried by exile, hast gone to ask of God the return of his banished ones from their captivity.

Once, when the tempest groaned round a sinking vessel, the captain raised an infant from the deck and lifting it between the waters and the thunder, he cried, "Save us, Gracious God!" and we, too, cry, bearing by our prayers this blessed shade before his presence to heaven, "Oh, Lord, for the sake of this saint, to whom thy justice owes the reparation, stretch forth thy hand and touch the hearts of the mighty ones of earth; shed abroad in them something of thyself, and return all her exiled children to their mother!

The funeral rites of EMELIA MANIN were simple as her humble life.

Her life had passed in the shadow of solitude, and she chose in death the portion of the poor; the lonely chapel without pomp or drapery—the narrow nave—the whispered mass—the hasty prayer. As the thought turned involuntary toward the past, the eye wandered round the little church as if to seek the form of him who once glorified the defence of VENICE. It seemed as if his place, too, should be there: had he then forgotten the name of MANIN?

But with the exception of a few, and they the most illustrious, whose presence was unfortunately prevented, all were there at that funeral rendezvous who were worthy to be counted by their patriotism or their gifts of soul. Berenger was ill; Lamennais was dying; Lamartine doubtless notified too late—for never before has been wanting his witness to the tomb. Cavaignac, mistaken as to the time, followed at a distance. All the rest were ranged in silence round the bier. There were all the great Italians: Montanelli, the man of Dante's temper; Ulloa, greater than victory by the defence of Malaghera—and all the rest were there—we knew them all. MANIN would himself lead the mourning train; and he walked leaning upon his son, whose fragile head must henceforth bear alone the weight of the great name of which he is already so worthy. All saw that most heroic of men, whose brow never before bent, nor paled one instant when the fiery tempest rained on Venice—bending beneath the thought of his country dead: his wife—dead: his daughter—dead: and pale with the funeral shadows of this three-fold death upon his face, his eye dimmed by affliction, seeking his painful way through tears. Great God! how heavy are the blows of death to bring tears from hearts so deep! But it was thus, because he loved his daughter with such unmeasured tenderness—even as he was beloved; because he loved her for all that Life had given her and for all it had refused: for all she suffered and for all himself had felt, to see her ever wrestling with the angel of sorrow. The affection nurtured in common calamity, has an indescribable, penetrating and terrible power, which neither joy nor happiness can know. It is like that bloody tear of Christ, expressing a whole world of love which fell from the cross upon the wormwood of Calvary.

A man great both in heart and in talent, and thus enabled to comprehend all great feelings and high thoughts, ARY SCHEFFER, at once offered to the poor remains of the emancipated one, the temporary shelter of his family tomb; and it shall be still one more benediction upon that sepulchre that these pale remains will there repose, until borne, as they shall be, to rest in native earth. Yes, this sacred dust shall surely return thither. The people that, having ever been great are yet not free, have a sacred claim on destiny; and the debt shall yet be paid. A tomb shall yet be built within the dreamy sound of Adriatic waves—a single line shall be engraved upon it: "TO THE DAUGHTER OF THE LIBERATOR."

And there in after years, their children in their arms, shall come the companions of her infancy to offer flowers and prayers.

Now all is sad. The strong have given its due to this great sorrow. Such is life and thus must we accept it. Fresh graves shall be opened to-morrow for us again to close. Still let us lose no jot of heart or hope. Our watchword is to strive. Repeat that watchword with a steadfast soul. We stand as labourers of a day, our feet upon the dust of departed generations, to carry on a work which never ends. To the truly religious spirit, the sound of dust to dust should be but the summons to immortality—which here below is the eternal idea whose servants we are and which shall bear each, as his cometh into its own eternity. If, in effect, this great thought, universal and eternal, did not everywhere exist in each high heart, an electric power, or rather the soul of all souls, connecting them through all space and all time, making of MANIN—the countryman of every noble spirit—our countryman too, why should we have spoken thus to-day over his daughter's bier? But for this common faith we had no title to be there. But a ray of democratic light had touched her forehead as she passed—and it sufficed. By sympathy she became ours thenceforth and forever. Her fathers grief is our grief. Courts wear mourning for their dead—let us too put it on for ours. Queens have funeral orations said over them in death. Let us too give utterance to our souls over the graves of our spiritual children. It will soon be given us to know in our quickened hearts to whom God sends the holiest inspirations!

EUGENE PELLETAN.

* It is St. Francois d'Assise who called the swallow "my sister."

PURITY OF BLOOD.

IT is notorious that the history of New Orleans has been marked, among other more honourable features, by quite general concubinage of the old Spanish and French settlers with the blacks. The result is a mixed population, bearing in the second stage of amalgamation the name of quadroons, after which the disreputable hue of the skin vanishes in greater or lesser degrees of negro tincture. Since this kind of intermixture was as common as the preservation of the pure Caucasian tint, we cannot wonder at doubts being afloat there concerning the invariable purity of Creole familes. Perhaps from the very consciousness of this fact, there exists among them the most exaggerated estimate of the value of unimpeachable European descent, and the most sleepless and merciless jealousy of every suspicion to the contrary. Indeed the only unpardonable sin in that latitude would seem to be the possession in one's veins of the slightest African element. Any other crime may be passed over. A man's ancestors may have lived by importing slaves, fifty per cent. of whom were murdered on the voyage, while 25 per cent. died under the lash after landing, but the crime of having the least taint of negro blood is one to be punished by social degradation and civil disability.

A case involving the question of purity of blood is now being tried before the Courts at New Orleans, where it causes the greatest excitement. The plaintiff, George Pandelly, a gentleman of Greek descent on both sides, a man of high standing, and a member of the City Government, sues Victor Wiltz for slander. Wiltz, it seems, has represented Pandelly as being of negro origin, inasmuch as his great-great-grandmother, who was it seems, the concubine of one Michel Dragon, some hundred and fifty years ago, was, as Wiltz says, a mulatto. This Michel Dragon, who was simply a Greek adventurer, as one of the witnesses testifies, "was engaged in the African slave trade; witness does not know that he dealt in smoked buffalo tongues." He was also a person of loose morals in other respects, but all this does not touch the repute of his descendant. The slander consists in the alleged Africanization of the family through the presence of a modicum of the negro in Dragon's concubinage, and for this, exemplary damages are sought. The plaintiff, however, does not sue for money, being indifferent thereto; and if he gets a swinging verdict, he will devote it to some charitable institution. His sole object is to establish the purity of his *status* and to show that the only intermixture in the blood of Dragon's companion was that of the Indian; a taint, which if a taint at all, the celebrated John Randolph delighted to boast of. In the course of his opening speech in the Court the plaintiff's counsel, Mr. Larue, became so overwhelmed as he dwelt on the heinousness of the calumny against his client, that he burst into a flood of tears, but soon became composed and went on. He stated that the family whose nature was thus called in question, could trace back to 1707, when there were no negro slaves in Louisiana; that negroes were only thus introduced in 1721; and that in 1712 there were but twelve negroes throughout the vast extent of the colony. Accordingly the probability of the alleged taint must be regarded as very small.

By the testimony adduced it would seem that those who weather the fever may live in a high state of preservation in New Orleans; witnesses were brought to the stand from the ages of 93 to 110, giving queer, naif, old details, of men and women, things and customs nearly a century ago. To establish the fact that the ancestress of the plaintiff was an Indian and not a mulatto of African combination, drew forth a quantity of testimony as to a kind of social relations that we have no intention of analyzing; but the evidence was curious, as showing that aristocracy does not bear showing up anywhere. Even though it escape negro blood, it stumbles over a cobbler's work-bench or an old woman's apple-stall, and in fact is very ordinary crockery at best.

Nevertheless, Louisiana eloquence was fervid in exalting the Indian character and debasing the African as "one step from the brute." The case, though already contested for many days, is not yet decided. The community of New Orleans is divided on the question into two hostile camps, so that it was very hard work to impannel a jury who had not formed or expressed an opinion on the question. Indeed, so great was this difficulty, that twelve jurors could not be found, and the parties, after all sorts of efforts to complete the panel, were obliged, by mutual consent, to go to trial with only nine. From the testimony thus far the plaintiff has the best of it. His great great-grandmother appears to have been an Indian slave and not a mulatto slave—an important point in Louisiana; carrying honour or dishonour, social esteem or disgrace in its folds. This aspect of the matter may be changed, however, when the evidence of the defendant comes to be produced. Indeed, it has been suggested, that in the course of the trial not only the Pandellys, but half the Creole families of New Orleans may be proved to be of negro extraction.

In reading the evidence adduced on this trial the mind is forced back to that barbarous era in the old world, when, as now at New Orleans, human dignity was based on the purity of aristocratic blood, unsullied by any ignoble mixture, such as intermarriage in with the *villain*, whether burgher or peasant. Thus many of the Canon chapters in the great Cathedrals of Europe, as for example in those of Strasburg and Mayence, admission was granted exclusively to the noble born; and before one was admitted, he was obliged to prove by sixteen members of his paternal and the same number of his maternal ancestry—in all by thirty-two, technically called quarters, that none of them were of impure, *villain*, or non-noble race. In Germany, at the present day, the same barbarism exists, and many aristocratic families are ruled by a domestic code called House Law, by whose provisions a male marrying a woman from a burgher's or peasant's family, forfeits certain rights and privileges, such as that of primogeniture and that of a seat in the House of Geman Peers. Thus too, in the eyes of European aristocracy, we Americans are considered all as of *villain* or at least of sullied origin, the proud slaveholders of the South not excepted. A German Pandelly taking a wife from the family of any Southern planter, would find in a moment some rascally Wiltz to denounce his children as of impure blood and to expel his sons from any German Senate.

As a fact, in America this trial is one simply among the thousands of the infamous and revolting offshoots of the peculiar institution. But for Slavery, how absurd would seem the inquiry whether some generations ago, the warmer current of Africa was mingled in the veins of a man's forgotten ancestors. But for Slavery, what social degradation would be involved in the possession of a richer hue of the skin, provided talent, character, and other manly traits distinguished the individual? It is a melancholy spectacle, this renewal in an American city of investigations proper to the middle ages. But where human bondage is the industrial basis of Society, polish and civilize the surface as you please, there is barbarism in every part.—*Tribune.*

THE great trial at New Orleans to settle the question whether the Pandellys and Dimitrys are of African or Indian descent, and accordingly whether society ought to pay them all the honour belonging to character, talent, and virtue, or kick them out in disgrace, has been brought into a curious position by the verdict of the jury. That verdict was "for the plaintiff without damages," and the question now is what it means. Mr. Pandelly accused the defendant, Victor Wiltz, of having damaged him to the tune of $20,000, by reporting that he was of negro extraction. The jury would seem to have decided that the African stain does not attach to the plaintiff and his family, but that Mr Wiltz either had good reason for believing it did, or had done no injury by reporting it. But whatever they may have meant, the Court proceeded on the verdict to charge the costs against the defendant. The latter now refuses to pay them on the ground that the verdict was really in his favour, since he was not cast in damages. The case will now have to go to the Supreme Court to decide the question as to what was intended by the jury and what is the bearing of the verdict. Meanwhile, we trust that the plaintiff and his relatives are no longer subjected to the contemptible suspicions, whose existence is more disgraceful to New Orleans, than to those who suffer from them, and whose overthrow was the object of this suit.—*Ibid.*

A VOTING MACHINE

IN one of the Washington journals we find an account of "A Voting Machine," invented by Mr Samuel Huffman, formerly of Virginia, and now residing in Illinois. The journalist who draws up the description of the machine, enlarges at considerable length on the ingenuity of its construction and its very serviceable qualities.

It strikes us, that it is not necessary at this day to invent any new voting machines. Congress abounds with such, and they are of the most serviceable character; they have their stations in the Senate Chamber and in the Hall of Representatives, where they are placed ready for use.

We hear from time to time of newly-invented churns, which are made the subject of pompous recommendations, as performing their work with greater dispatch and perfection than any hitherto known; but every experienced housekeeper knows, that there is nothing after all which answers its purpose so well as the old fashioned churn, so long a familiar article of kitchen furniture. It is precisely so with the voting machines in Congress. Mr. Huffman may say what he will; he cannot have contrived any combination of mechanical power, which will answer the purpose better than the instruments in common use at Washington—perhaps not as well. He could not possibly make them give the expected vote at the due time with more precision. He could not, we are sure, create a system of springs, wheels and pullies which would move with so supple a facility, and so little apparent friction. We are very confident, also, that the old machines are kept in order at a much less expense than Mr. Huffman's can possibly be. There is no cost for oil; a little air answers the purpose; a few empty promises, or intimations of promises.

Like that invented by Mr. Huffman, these voting machines are brought from the Northern States to Washington, and are there worked by Virginians and persons from other States of the South. The Virginians and their Southern brethren have a natural facility in keeping these instruments in regular operation; under their expert hands they move with the exactness of clock work, and when they are worn out and good for nothing, the gentlemanly operator directs them to be rolled into the back yard, as a housewife sends a broken churn to the woodpile.

The voting machines used at Washington, we need not tell our readers, are labelled with names by which they are as familiarly known as the different locomotive engines on railways. There is, for example, the *Toucy*—a very serviceable machine; the *Pettit*, equally manageable; the *Stuart*, one of the best on the ground; the *Brodhead*, an old machine, which has always performed well in the hand of its proprietors. The *Shields* is a little irregular at times in its movements, but if well looked to, may be made to vote with the rest. The *Norris* has its admirers, and so has the *Williams*; some give the preference to one and some to the other—but, for our part, we do not think there is a farthing to choose between them. All these machines, as our readers are aware, came, like Mr Huffman's, from the Free States, and, like his, are worked by Virginians.

Now and then one of these machines gets out of order. The wires become rusty, or the springs feeble, and it cannot be made to vote. Some remarkable examples of this kind have lately been witnessed in Congress. It is observed, that when this happens in the case of any important question, people begin to talk of rolling the machine into the back yard. But all human inventions have their defects, and we doubt whether Mr. Huffman's voting machine, when it comes to be daily employed, will not sometimes fail. We advise him, therefore, to carry it back to Illinois. Washington is already well supplied with tools of the same kind, more cheaply obtained, and quite as obedient to the operator. It is said by those who have investigated the subject, that there will be enough of these machines in the House of Representatives to secure a majority of votes for the Nebraska bill.—*Evening Post.*

A WINTER-EVENING HYMN TO MY FIRE.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

I.

BEAUTY on my hearthstone blazing!
To-night the triple Zoroaster
Shall my prophet be and master:
To-night will I pure Magian be,
Hymns to thy sole honour raising,
While thou leapest fast and faster
Wild with self-delighted glee,
Or sink'st low and glowest faintly
As an aureole still and saintly,
Keeping cadence to my praising
Thee! still thee! and only thee!

II.

Elfish daughter of Apollo!
Thee, from thy father stolen and bound
To serve in Vulcan's clangorous smithy
Prometheus (primal Yankee) found,
And, when he had tampered with thee
(Too confiding little maid!),
In a reed's precarious hollow
To our frozen earth conveyed:
For he swore I know not what—
Endless ease to be thy lot,
Pleasure that should never falter,
Lifelong play, and not a duty
Save to hover o'er the altar,
Vision of celestial beauty,
Fed with precious woods and spices—
Then, perfidious! having got
Thee in the net of his devices,
Sold thee into endless slavery,
Made thee a drudge to boil the pot,
Thee, the Sun's daughter, who dost bear
His likeness in thy golden hair;
Thee, by nature wild and wavery,
Palpitating, evanescent
As the shade of Dian's cresent,
Life, motion, gladness, everywhere!

III.

Fathom deep, men bury thee,
In the furnace dark and still,
There, with dreariest mockery,
Making thee eat, against thy will,
Blackest Pennsylvanian stone:
But thou dost avenge thy doom,
For, from out thy catacomb,
Day and night thy wrath is blown
In a withering simoom,
And, adown that cavern drear,
Thy black pitfall in the floor,
Staggers the lusty antique cheer
Despairing, and is seen no more!

IV.

Elfish, I may rightly name thee,
We enslave, but cannot tame thee;
With fierce snatches, now and then,
Thou pluckest at thy right again,
And thy downtrod instincts savage,
To stealthy insurrection creep
While thy wittol masters sleep
And burst in undiscerning ravage:
Then how thou shak'st thy bacchant locks!
While brazen pulses, far and near,
Throb thick and thicker with blind fear
And dread conjecture, till the drear,
Disordered clangour every steeple rocks!

V.

But, when we make a friend of thee,
And admit thee to the hall
On our nights of festival,
Then, Cinderella, who could see
In thee the kitchen's stunted thrall?
Once more a Princess lithe and tall
Thou dancest with a whispering tread,
While the bright marvel of thy head
In crinkling gold floats all abroad,
And gloriously dost vindicate
The legend of thy lineage great,
Earth-exiled daughter of the Pythian god!
Now in the ample chimney-place,
To honour thy acknowledged race,
We crown thee high with laurel good,
Thy shining father's sacred wood,
Which, guessing thy ancestral right,
Sparkles and snaps his dumb delight,
And, at thy touch, poor outcast one,
Feels through his gladdened fibres go,
The tingle and thrill and vassal glow
Of instincts loyal to the sun.

VI.

Oh, thou of home the guardian Lar,
And—when our earth hath wandered far
Into the cold, and deep snow covers
The walks of our New England lovers—
Their sweet secluded evening-star!
'Twas with thy rays the English muse
Ripened her mild domestic hues;
'Twas by thy flicker that she conned
The fireside wisdom that enrings
With light from heaven familiar things;
By thee she found the homely faith
In whose mild eyes thy comfort stay'th,
When death, extinguishing his torch,
Gropes for the latch-string in the porch;
The love that wanders not beyond
His earliest nest, but sits and sings
While children smooth his patient wings;
Therefore with thee I love to read
Our brave old poets: at thy touch how stirs
Life in the withered words! how swift recede
Time's shadows! and how glows again
Through its dead mass the incandescent verse,
As when upon the anvils of the brain
It glittering lay, cyclopically wrought
By the fast-throbbing hammers of the poet's thought!
Thou murmurest, too, divinely stirred,
The aspirations unattained,
The rhythms so rathe and delicate
They bent and strained
And broke beneath the sombre weight
Of any airiest mortal word.

VII

What warm protection dost thou bend
Round curtained talks of friend with friend,
While the gray snowstorm, held aloof,
To softest outlines round the roof,
Or the rude North, with baffled strain,
Shoulders the frost-starred window-pane!
Now the kind Nymph to Bacchus borne
By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems
Gifted upon her natal-morn,
By him with fire, by her with dreams,
Nicotia, dearer to the Muse
Than all the grape's bewildering juice,
We worship, unforbid of thee;
And, as her incense floats and curls
In airy spires and wayward whirls,
Or poises on its tremulous stalk
A flower of frailest reverie,
So winds and loiters, idly-free,
The current of unguided talk,
Now laughter-rippled, and now caught
In smooth dark pools of deeper thought.
Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,
A sweetly unobtrusive third;
For thou hast magic beyond wine
To unlock natures, each to each;
The unspoken thought thou canst divine;
Thou fill'st the pauses of the speech
With whispers that to dreamland reach,
And frozen fancy-springs unchain
In Arctic outskirts of the brain:
Sun of all inmost confidences!
To thy rays doth the heart unclose
Its formal calyx of pretences,
That close against rude day's offences,
And open its shy midnight rose.

VIII.

Thou holdest not the master-key
With which thy sire sets free the mystic gates
Of Past and Future: not for common fates
Do they wide open fling,
And, with a far-heard ring,
Swing back their willing valves melodiously:
Only to ceremonial days
And great processions of imperial song,
That set the world at gaze,
Doth such high privilege belong:
But thou a postern-door can'st ope
To humbler chambers of the selfsame palace
Where Memory lodges, and her sister Hope
Whose being is but as a crystal chalice,
Which, with her various mood, the elder fills
Of joy or sorrow,
So colouring as she wills,
With hues of yesterday, the unconscious morrow.

IX.

Thou sinkest, and my fancy sinks with thee:
For thee I took the idle shell,
And struck the unused chords again,
But they are gone who listened well;
Some are in heaven, and all are far from me:
Even as I sing, it turns to pain,
And with vain tears my eyelids throb and swell:
Enough; I come not of the race
That hawk their sorrows in the market-place:
Earth stops the ears I best had loved to please—
Then break, ye untuned chords, or rust in peace!
As if a whitehaired actor should come back,
Some midnight, to the theatre void and black,
And there rehearse his youth's great part
'Mid thin applauses of the ghosts—
So seems it now: ye crowd upon my heart,
And I bow down in silence, shadowy hosts!

—*Putnam's Magazine.*

THE BARRE SLAVE CASE.

The First tried under the Constitution of 1779-80.

I AM indebted to the learned and accurate pen of the Rev. George Allen, of Worcester, for the following statement. I regret that the length of this very able letter on the subject prevents its publication entire:

This was the case of a negro man named Walker, belonging to this town. Quock, as Walker was commonly called—for slaves, having in law no fathers, and their mothers no husbands, have themselves no surnames, but are called like horses and dogs, as the whims of their masters and a degrading system may dictate—had been a slave of Nathaniel Jennison, a substantial farmer of Barre, who still claimed him as a slave. The constitution was ratified in the spring of 1780, and it was now summer, when a long day's freedom was worth something more than a short day's bondage in winter. Haying was at hand, and Quock was a rare hand at haying. About this time, William Caldwell, senior, a neighbour of Jennison, and of Quock, too, told the latter that he was a free man, and offered him wages if he would bear the heat and burden of the day on his farm—a proposal made still more inviting by the promise of Caldwell that he would stand between him and harm if Jennison should punish him for being free. Quock loved both liberty and the reward of his own hard toil, though he had never tasted of either; and, being in other respects a man, though an African, pondered the matter, and resolved to be a freeman in Caldwell's employ rather than a slave in Jennison's for nothing. Accordingly, on a summer's morning, having had orders the night before from Jennison to be up betimes and mow in his field, Quock was up by daybreak, and soon found his way to Caldwell's meadow, with a scythe as busy and as sure as Time's. After a while, Jennison went to his field to see that all was well; but Quock was not there, nor any trace of his handiwork: not a swarth was laid, not a flower of the field fallen. Jennison, who was a man of sense, quickly cast about him, and suspected the whereabouts of the fugitive. He at once hied over to Caldwell's farm, where, at a distance, he soon spied Quock, as busy in Caldwell's meadow as he had ever seen him in his own. He suddenly stopped on the brow of a hill, and halloed to the new-made freeman *to go home!* but Quock was so attentive to his work, or so engrossed in contemplating the sweets of liberty, that he seemed to hear nothing from a distance. Jennison having hurried down the hill, and, having come within sure hailing distance tried the persuasion of *hard threats;* but all in vain, for Quock, encouraged by Caldwell's presence, and not forgetting the promise of a strong and resolute man to stand between him and harm, answered never a word, but kept on mowing as though nothing had happened. Jennison, baffled in his experiment, and well knowing where he was, and with whom he had to do, went back more vexed than he came, resolved to bide his time, which, after lingering, at last came, though not altogether in the very shape he looked for.

* * * * * *

How soon Jennison re-assumed his authority over Quock, as his slave, I cannot say; but the first experiment I know of was that which gave rise to the trial in the Supreme Court, whose issue settled forever the question of Slavery in Massachusetts; and it is remarkable that so few particulars are recorded of a case which excited, at the time of the occurrence, so much interest, and was followed by consequences so marked and lasting. Seventy years have elapsed since the issue was tried and freedom triumphed. The men who witnessed it are gone; and the voices of tradition have become few and indistinct. The personal narrative already given is relatd on hearsay, not very recent. What follows I take from a copy of the record of court, obtained several years ago, and now before me, in the crabbed and uncouth dialect of ancient legal barbarity.

By the record it appears that, "on the first day of May, A. D. 1781, the said Nathaniel, with his fist and a large stick, which the said Nathaniel held in his hand, the said Quock did beat, bruise, and evilly intreat, and him the said Quock, with force and arms, did imprison during the space of two hours." An indictment was found at the September term of the Supreme Court, 1881; but the trial did not take place till the April term of 1783, at which term Jennison was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of forty shillings, with costs of prosecution, and ordered to stand committed till sentence be performed. The record states that Jennison plead *not guilty*, but does not indicate the ground of his defence, nor any opinion of the court from which it might be inferred. Both, however, are briefly stated by Dr. Belknap, in his correspondence with Judge Tucker, of Virginia, in 1789, in which he says: "His [Jennison's] defence was, that the black was his slave, and that the beating, &c. was the necessary restraint and correction of the master. This was answered by citing the clause in the Declaration of Rights—'All men are born free and equal.' The judges and jury were of opinion that he had no right to beat or imprison the negro" (Collections of Mass. Hist. Society, vol. iv.).

The issue of the prosecution of Jennison was virtually the decision of the highest tribunal in the State, that Slavery had no legal existence in Massachusetts; and its immediate effect was to set free all who were then held in bondage within her jurisdiction. It carried out, in its true idea, the unanimous resolve of the convention that formed the constitution, "that the government of Massachusetts shall be a FREE REPUBLIC." It was the first decision on this continent, if not the first in the world, which gave freedom to the collective slaves of a sovereign State where a like servitude had been expressly or tacitly allowed. Several cases, however, had occurred, in other parts of Massachusetts, of slaves suing their masters in the inferior courts for freedom and wages; and "the juries invariably gave their verdict in favour of liberty;" but the legal effect of such verdicts reached none but the parties immediately concerned.—*Appendix to Dr. Thompson's Semi-Centennial Discourse.*

THE NEWS-BOYS.

OF all the singular products in human nature which our great city brings forth, the most original is the news-boy. A mere child in stature, yet never young. Home, friends, abiding-place he has not—and is perfectly indifferent to them all. He is a rover, a wandering trader, an Arab of the town, a privateersman, an independent sailor without captain or officer, in fine, a *news-boy*. See him as he stands "loafing" or "spans marbles" in a corner of the Park. His cap has no visor and is thrown rakishly back; his long coat, reaching to the heels, is out at the elbows and hardly holds together; the knees come through the pantaloons, and he wears one boot and one shoe; his hair is plaited over his forehead, but the eyes under it are quick, keen, and impudent; his face is thin and worn, with an old look—but not at all unhappy look. Don't talk to him, for he hates preachers and "philanthropists;" but come near and hear what he is saying; it is a bold, rapid talk, shrewd and to the point—he is telling how many papers he has sold and how many he can sell: oaths come in thick and fast; now the talk changes to the theatre last night—criticism is on the table now, and the other boys chime in with keen remark on the actors.

Follow him again at night, as I have lately done. It is after twelve; he is just returning from the theatre; there he goes down into that cellar, with two or three mates; go in after and order, as they have done, your "coffee and cakes"—three cents for coffee and two cents for cakes. There are three—one a boy of about 11, the others about 13; the youngest is the oracle; he is smoking and telling the others some tricks at gambling; he makes his living, sometimes $5 or $7 a week, in gambling. They do not look sleepy, or important, or excited, as if "on a spree"—simply matured. It is evidently just what they always do in the evening. Other boys, of about the same age, come in and take their supper and discuss the play. No one drinks at the bar. They go out quietly, and I lose sight of them in the back streets. But come later and see where they sleep. Go down these stairs in the front of the *Sun* office; there is a large charcoal box under the sidewalk—five or six are sleeping there; come here to the *Tribune* office—in that pile of refuse paper at the end of the hall, some half dozen usually sleep, and others down there in the court in the open air, when the weather will allow.

Talk with one of them, if a good chance should occur, and you will find it is the old story of the street boy. He has no parents, and no home, and don't want none; or, he has a father who drinks and a mother who licks him; or, his father couldn't keep him, and told him to be off, and he's been a snoozer ever since. Did he ever go to school? No, of course he didn't; he can count the letters and tell what the paper is.

Does he go to church? No, he doesn't; he haint got no clothes; and he don't want to, neither.

Sell Sunday papers? On course I do; and makes $2 a Sunday, too. Get stuck? No; not often—and then Billy McGuire, he trusted on me for a two.

The news-boy knows you in a moment; he can tell whether you will buy a yesterday's paper for to-day's, or whether he can make the ha'penny change out of you. Churches! Schools! What does he care for them? His bread and butter depends on his selling his papers—and after that the theatre! Nobody has ever cared for him; he has made his living ever since he could walk, and why should he care for others? His life is way down in one of the low strata of the great city, and he does not trouble himself with what is above or beneath.

A friend of ours tells of one coming into a broker's office in Wall street: "I want to borrow a half-dollar." "What for, my lad?" "I'm stuck. Don't be afraid! I'll pay you back in two days." On inquiry, he found the boy had other money laid up, but he did not want to take from that, for fear of a "rainy day." The broker loaned him. In two days, punctually, the lad came back, slapped his money on the counter with a "There's your money, old cus," and walked proudly out.

A pressman in the *Tribune* office says, that one whom he knows, has gone out to California, and every month sends back $50 to his old mother, and has already sent $50 to his friend, who helped him to get out there.

With all their sharp, cunning ways, we come across many kind and generous trait in them. They may cheat strangers—like some in older lines of business—but they help one another. Their business is entirely on *cash*, and of course they need all their sharpness to keep ahead. It is seldom, comparatively, they "get stuck," that is, buy more papers than they can sell. Each boy, except with the extras, has his own beat, and suffers no other boy to intrude. They get about 30 per cent. discount on the penny papers, and twenty-five per cent. on the two-penny. The most profitable are the six-penny Sunday papers. Their earnings must average 3s. or 4s. a day; on Sundays, rising to $2 or $3. For their age, they make money very easily—more so than any other of the street-boys. But with most, except the sum reserved for the capital of the next morning, the earnings go entirely for theatres and gambling. They cannot be utterly reckless, for not only their pleasures but their bread depend on their having a certain sum with which each day to start. It is this element of their life, which gives the impulse to their extraordinary shrewdness, which keeps them from being vagabonds, and which makes them *worth saving*. It is, in fact, the great element of all mercantile life—the dependence of each man's livelihood and comfort on the management of his capital.

These boys now number some 500 or 600; not all, of course, homeless, but the mass living as I have described. They clan together much; each one being known by a slang name, as "Sneezer," "Chops," "Leather-head," &c. The pressmen say, that last autumn the boys had a *ball* at Tammany Hall, in which they appeared very well dressed, and to which the sisters of the men about the offices were invited. No disreputable women was admitted and the whole went off well

They are frequently very anxious to improve and learn; and these men say, they are often called upon to help them in learning to read. What becomes of them, no one knows. Their fate is as mysterious as that of Dickens's post-boys. We have met quite a number at different times in the prisons, who had fallen behind-hand, until they must either starve or go to prison. The first boy our Society ever had to do with, was a news-boy. He was a manly intelligent fellow; had not been in the business long, and was pointed out by one of the foremen, as one who was fast getting into arrears with the other boys, and evidently becoming poorer every day. He was in a wretched condition when I found him—half starved, ragged, and infested with vermin. We had no arrangements then for giving work, and could only employ him a short time. He fell out of our care, and I saw nothing more of him till about three months after. I was called to visit him in the city prison, sentenced for manslaughter! A boy not more than fourteen years old!

We have a plan just about being carried into execution, for the improvement of these boys, which we desire to lay before the public. We have fitted up two rooms, and a bath-room, and office in the upper story of the "Sun-Buildings," corner of Nassau and Fulton streets. One room is to be a lodging-room with wooden standee-berths—a part of them built in tiers—and in all accommodating some 90 boys. The other room is to be a sitting and reading or lecture-room, furnished with books, papers, seats, &c. Lodging is to let at 6d. a night; and then the boys are to be collected, if willing, in the other room to hear some simple instruction, lecture, or reading. The same place, too, to be used as a meeting-room on Sundays for religious purposes. The whole under the superintendence of Mr. C. C. Tracy, who is well acquainted with these boys, and is, with his whole heart engaged in the work. A large box is to be kept, in separate compartments of which the boys' savings can be placed, to be deposited by the superintendent in the "Sixpenny Bank." These boys are a shrewd, active set of lads, and worth something more to society than to die in gin-shops, or to swell hereafter the class of sharpers and blacklegs. We have a strong belief this plan will reach them. It is a missionary effort applied to their peculiar circumstances. To make it successful, we must have free aid from the public. The estimated annual expense of the "Lodging-House for News-boys," is about $900. We have subscribed $700.

We shall need all the usual furniture of such a place—sheets, bed-clothes, &c., &c. Who will help us?

We also want the services of gentlemen in the city, for an occasional lecture, or an hour's teaching in the evening. A chemical lecture, an explaining of history, the simple teaching of these boys to read will be of great assistance to us. Who will volunteer in this new city mission?

There is a response every where in the human heart to kindness—especially in childhood. The news-boy is a *boy*, despite his old business. We shall make our entering wedge by that, and then see what cleanliness, inducements to saving, and religious influence can do with those who have thus far, been thought out of all moral or religious influence.—*C. L. Brace, in the Independent.*

THE CZAR'S REPLY TO THE DEPUTATION OF FRIENDS.—The Peace deputation at St. Petersburg on the 10th ult., presented their address to the Czar. The Emperor's reply was substantially as follows:

"We received the blessings of Christianity from the Greek empire; and this has established and maintained ever since a link of connection, both moral and religious, between Russia and that power. The ties that have thus united the two countries have subsisted for nine hundred years, and were not severed by the conquest of Russia by the Tartars; and when, at a later period, our country succeeded in shaking off that yoke, and the Greek empire, in its turn, fell under the sway of the turks, we still continued to take a lively interest in the welfare of our co-religionists there; and when Russia became powerful enough to resist the Turks, and dictate the terms of peace, we paid particular attention to the well-being of the Greek Church, and procured the insertion, in successive treaties, of most important articles in her favour. I have myself acted as my predecessor had done, and the treaty of Adrianople, in 1829, was as explicit as the former ones in this respect. Turkey, on her part, recognised the right of religious interference, and fulfilled her engagements until within the last year or two, when, for the first time, she gave me reason to complain. I will not now advert to the parties who were her principal instigators on that occasion. Suffice it to say, that it became my duty to interfere, and to claim from Turkey the fulfilment of her engagements. My representations were pressing but friendly, and I have every reason to believe that matters would soon have been settled if Turkey had not been induced by other parties to believe that I had ulterior objects in view, that I was aming at conquest, aggrandizement, and the ruin of Turkey. I have solemnly disclaimed, and do now as solemnly disclaim, every such motive. * * * * I do not desire war; I abhor it as sincerely as you do; and am ready to forget the past, if only the opportunity be afforded me. * * * * I have great esteem for your country, and a sincere affection for your Queen, whom I admire, not only as a Sovereign, but as a lady, a wife, and a mother. I have placed full confidence in her, and have acted towards her in a frank and friendly spirit. I felt it my duty to call her attention to future dangers, which I considered sooner or later likely to arise in the East, in consequence of the existing state of things. What on my part was prudent foresight has been unfairly construed in your country into a designing policy and an ambitious desire of conquest. This has deeply wounded my feelings, and afflicted my heart. Personal insult and invectives I regard with indifference. It is beneath my dignity to notice them, and I am ready to forgive all that is personal to me, and to hold out my hand to my enemies in the true Christian spirit. I cannot understand what cause of complaint your nation has against Russia. I am anxious to avoid war by all possible means. I will not attack, and shall only act in self-defence. I cannot be indifferent to what concerns the honour of my country. I have a duty to perform as a Sovereign. As a Christian, I am ready to comply with the precepts of religion. On the present occasion my great duty is to attend to the interests and honour of my country.

THE poor man who envies not the rich, who pities his companions in poverty, and can spare something for him who is still poorer, is in the realms of humanity a king of kings.